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John Howard Payne

THE HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"You ought to see it, lady!"

My quaint Amagansett charioteer pointed with his whip in the direction of an antique mansion half-hidden in the shadows about the elm trees threw across its portal.

I had driven over to old East Hampton for an autumn afternoon's pleasuring along its elm-embowered street of a hundred years. Stretching from one antique windmill to another, each the sombre guardian of graves, each the warden of the old village cemeteries, this grand old Main street of East Hampton unrolls its green ribbon of verdure the length of the little town, and tempts the tourist to a lazy, lovely loitering in the sherry-colored sunset, in the sanguine air of seas. Afar, the boom of the infinite ocean called. The arms of the old windmills tipped with the last tapestry of day, yearning aloft above the little graveyards, suggested the forever beyond the scattered white line of frozen sorrow far below.

"Yes, you ought to see it, mum." And, "Mum" consenting, my charioteer stopped at the antique threshold of the East Hampton dwelling. It was the house where John Howard Payne, author of the ballad that has sung itself into the heart of the world, passed his boyhood.

It is a modest two-story dwelling, standing a little way back from the village street. Of frame; shingled and gable-roofed. Though it has received, from time to time, some smart adornment, the old house keeps its ancient, soothing spell, as you face it from the main street. I know of nothing so quaint out of old New England. On one side of the doorway a board placard, weather-beaten by time, mellowed by the years, fingered by the mosses, and pecked at by the little birds flying out for aye from their home, sweet home beneath the old gray eaves. The quaint placard tells you that within are

The Town Clerk,

The Bank of East Hampton,

The Village Notary,

and, as I learned afterward,

The Undertaker,

and

The Furniture Dealer,

all in one place, or in one person—the genial owner today of the old house by the wayside.

Step in—but you won't go far a-field or a-foot, for the old staircase blocks the way. It winds and beckons up. It is thoroughly Revolutionary. It winds up so that you wonder it does not go off at once and play a tune. Ah, you are in the upstairs now! The house is a double house, as we say. But then, all the old dwellings of long ago were "double." Did you ever think of that? "Home, Sweet Homes," and married loves, and hearth-sides. Not apartments, like pianos, on the instalment system; not sky-scrapers attempting that old Plain of Shinar's tall ambitions; not "homes" whence you sallied to get your very dinner, and, when you got back, thanked God up thirteen flights that you did not die from menus and messes. . . . But it is downstairs in the kitchen that the most charming bit is found. This kitchen seems older than the Revolution. Cinderella. In one moment, as you across its threshold, you are transported with a fairy waft and a fairy wand the days and the ways that are older than that dear Mother Goose. Into the da-

Mother Wise. Mother Wise made all the fairy stories in the beginning, do you know? And Mother Wise lived in Egypt six thousand years before we opened our wise eyelids. And Mother Wise knew Cinderella by heart and by head, and wrote down all about her dear little slipper in the vocabulary of the Pharaohs, older than the Great Pyramid.

As you step into the antique kitchen in the house of John Howard Payne, you almost expect to see an ancient Egyptian stalk around the corner, and Cheops's sacred pussy-cat in a hieroglyphic attitude on the hearth. How quaint, how quaint it is! Did not I hear little Cinderella's laugh, and see those dear little plump hands clapped together with joy? And is that glow flooding window and wall the silver ether that floats around the Fairy and dissolves, slowly, in a revolving radiant rainbow, into colors that the Fairy takes, and stars in the blue of her eyes, and the frank, fresh cherry of her lips.

Really, it is all so unreal that it frets you to be told that that is a Revolutionary musket hanging over the old, old fireplace. You mistook it for a club that those grand old Bible fellows brandished when they went down into Egypt and had a fight. How pert and new Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six is!

It is sorrowful to think that, after he closed the latch of his old sweet home, and heard for the last time the clink of the closing door, and went out to face the world, John Howard Payne had no home. [Lucy Cleveland in New York Home Journal.

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THE GIFT OF

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

CLASS OF 1869

*Transcript of Wednesday,
Feb. 24-1901*

The John Howard Payne sale, which is to be conducted by Henkels later in April, is to be another sale of great interest. This is notable for a collection of the love letters of John Howard Payne and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, wife of the poet. Payne preserved not only her letters, but has given with them autograph copies of his own letters, twenty-three in number. These were sent to Washington Irving, with a letter from Payne in which he says he thought Mrs. Shelley was in love with him, but he finds she has been using him only as a catapaw to further her acquaintance with Irving, and in his disgust he sends the whole correspondence to Irving. Here is, indeed, an item for the Shelley collectors! There are also the original manuscripts of "Payne's History of the Cherokee Indians" and of his proposed "History of Tunis," written when he was consul there, together with his play of "Romulus," written for Edwin Forrest. In addition there are many of Payne's autograph letters. Beside the Payne's items, there are many letters of the Payne with original drawings by Leech other noted English illustrators, and lots; letters of Thackeray, Dickens, and art-American authors, and others whose letters are much sought by the autograph collector.

J. W. Hancock

From Boston Transcript
of
Thursday, December
1896

3 December, 1818. John Howard Payne's tragedy of BRUTUS produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London.

At the time when Payne wrote the tragedy of "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin," the fortunes of Drury Lane seemed declining for various reasons, one of them being that Edmund Kean, the theatre's chief attraction, was losing his hold on public favor. Payne thought that a five-act play, especially suited to the great tragedian, might serve to revive the waning business of the house, and constructed the tragedy with that end in view. Both the chairman of the Drury Lane management and Mr. Kean, on its being submitted to them, were enthusiastic in its praises, the latter declaring that he did not conceive it capable of improvement. It was accepted, and Payne was given full charge of its production. He planned the scenery and the stage settings, looked after the costumes and properties, and brought out the play with great historical accuracy, even the minor details being as nearly correct as possible.

The cast included the finest players then at Drury Lane. Kean, as Brutus, was seen at his best, his outbursts of passion contrasting with the pathos of his scenes with his son, and revealing the character of the noble Roman so vividly that even Mrs. Kean, closely as she had followed him in every part, was surprised at his power in this. As for the audience, it simply went wild with enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which was shared by the critics, who all praised the performance in the highest terms, one candidly admitting that he could recollect no instance of an actor who could stand silently on the stage for minutes together, and, by calling up in succession all the shades and degrees of passion into his countenance, move his audience to silence and tears of the truest sympathy. The judgment scene, in which Brutus condemns his own son to death, was made so real as to be appalling, and it was said that Kean might rest his reputation on that one scene alone.

As to the other actors, among them were Henry Kemble, Fisher, Holland, Mrs. Glover and Mrs. West. Fisher played Titus, a part it was originally intended that Payne should perform, but Stephen Kemble, the stage manager, insisted that it would be indelicate for an author to appear in his own play, and so Payne good-naturedly withdrew. It would have been better for him, however, to have played the part, as the piece was such a success that the public would have welcomed the opportunity to see its author on the stage.

Night after night the theatre was densely packed, and the Christmas pantomime alone stopped the run of the new tragedy. As soon as the holiday season was over, however, "Brutus" was again brought out and was given over fifty times that season. Ten thousand pounds were poured into the coffers of the theatre as the result of Payne's work, and the generous management paid the successful dramatist £183 6d, much less than would have been given for a popular farce. It was according to contract, however, for Payne had been lured into an im-

to the committee for a more equitable adjustment of the profits.

As for the charge brought against Payne of using materials belonging to other dramatists, he stated expressly in the preface to the play when published that he had not scrupled to adopt the conceptions and in some slight instances the language of his predecessors. He had succeeded in using the old Roman story to make a successful play where others had failed, and was always willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to the older plays, both in public and private. There was talk of an injunction to have the tragedy suppressed, as it contained "certain passages calculated to produce democratic impressions," but even successful dramatists have their enemies, and this matter was traced to its source, only to find that it originated, as had the doubts cast on the play's authorship, with someone hostile to Payne's interests.

For many years "Brutus" was a favorite with tragedians, notably with the great Junius Brutus Booth; his son Edwin also played the part of the Roman consul. An interesting performance of the tragedy took place in Washington in 1850, when the elder Booth appeared as Brutus, with Edwin Booth as Titus, and John Howard Payne was among the audience.

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Note (ALS) from Henry R. Bishop
to Dr. Lombard Nov 13
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24. 1. '33

Some Early Letters of John Howard Payne.

At an auction sale of autograph letters in Philadelphia, last week, several interesting letters of John Howard Payne, giving glimpses of his first English tour, were sold at good prices. Payne went to England early in 1813, when twenty-two years of age, and as the war of 1812 was still in progress, on his arrival at Liverpool he was sent to prison, although the ship had a cartel, and he bore the list of letters. He remained in confinement for two weeks, and finally, on the 25th of February, left Liverpool for London, where he hoped to obtain an engagement, as he had letters of introduction to some prominent people in the theatrical and literary world. The young actor was cordially received, but it was a long time before he could obtain an opportunity to appear upon the London boards. Although he was warned not to make his debut there so late in the season, he insisted, and at last was given an opening at Drury Lane. He was so anxious to get the unbiased judgment of his hearers that he requested that his name or history should not be mentioned in either playbills or newspapers. So it was announced that on "Friday evening, June the 4th, 1813, the tragedy of 'Douglas' would be performed, the part of Douglas by a young gentleman, his first appearance."

The new comer made an immense success, and a little later, after he had been announced once or twice as a "young gentleman," his name was revealed. As the theatre was now to close for the season, he took his leave of London in the character of Romeo. Meanwhile his success had been reported throughout England, and the provincial managers were anxious to secure him. He appeared in Liverpool in July, and later in Birmingham, Manchester and many smaller places, in all of which "Master Payne" proved a wonderful attraction. It was while on this tour that the following letters were written to Colonel John Trumbull.

Colonel Trumbull is a familiar figure in American history and art. Early in the Revolutionary War he was an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Washington, and was employed to draw the plans of various important posts, including Boston, Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. He was sent to London as commissioner under the seventh article of Jay's treaty of amity and commerce between the United States and Great Britain, and during his official life in London was brought in contact with all the prominent men of the time. He had previously studied painting there under Benjamin West, and his services in connection with American art were as valuable and more noted than his political labors. He was largely instrumental in establishing the New York Academy of the Fine Arts, while his paintings of the "Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Cornwallis" and other Revolutionary scenes are in the Capitol at Washington. He gave to Yale College a collection of fifty-five of his historical pictures in consideration of an annuity of one thousand dollars, to be paid him during his life, the profits of the exhibition of the pictures being applied after his decease to the assistance of indigent students, and several of his paintings are among the most famous

"Yours of the 4th (our glorious day) met me at rehearsal this morning. I have acted twice, Douglas and Achmet, with the greatest applause, and my first appearance on Friday last drew the best house this season. I played Achmet last night, and performed Romeo this evening."

The next letter is from Birmingham, and is dated Aug. 13. In speaking of his theatrical tour, he says:

"In Birmingham I have had to oppose the whole tribe of players with Elliston and his deputy, from whom I expected better things, at their head. They have done all they could to harm me under the fairest smiles and most condescending manners—and the honor of playing in Birmingham, which is as untamed in matters of taste as the Chickasaw Indians, will cost me about £40." Speaking further of his trip, he continues:

"I intend to walk to Buxton, taking, if possible, about thirty miles a day—a friend goes with me, I go on the Irishman's plan—

"When fortune smiles men ride in chaises, But when she frowns, they walk—by J—s!"

The kind of opposition that was made to Payne is shown by the statement that was industriously circulated to produce a prejudice against him, that he was "an illegitimate son of Tom Paine."

The last letter is dated at Buxton five days later. The young player had evidently succeeded in his long walk. He mentions the amusing way in which he was announced the night before:

"Ladies and gentlemen—In consequence of the sudden intelligence of the death of a near relation, which forces Mr. Dobbin to leave town, the manager hopes you will receive the farce of 'No Song, No Supper,' as a substitute for 'Turn Out,' which is announced in the bills. And ladies and gentlemen, the manager, ever anxious to contribute (to the) comfort and gratification of the visitors of Buxton, (takes) pleasure in announcing that he has engaged Mr. Payne, the celebrated American Roscius, for four nights only, and that he will make his first appearance on Thursday evening next in the character of Douglas."

"In the course of the evening, when the mail came in, the manager, by request, came forward, and read the newspaper to the audience containing news of Wellington's last victory, which was cheered, and then 'God Save the King,' sung in full chorus."

J. B. CLAPP.

IS OF DOUBLE INTEREST.

Portrait of John Howard Payne, by Charles R. Leslie, Acquired by Museum of Fine Arts.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The Museum of Fine Arts has acquired a portrait of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," which was painted by Charles R. Leslie, and therefore of double interest, for the artist, Charles R. Leslie, though English born, came to America when a child and got his first start in painting in this country. So an example of his work, especially the portrait of such a distinguished American, is a valuable addition to the Museum collection.

This portrait of Payne was painted when he was at the height of his fame in London as an actor. It shows him as "Hamlet"—a splendid head, with a beautiful face, and large, expressive eyes. There is sentiment and romance in the

face, and Payne was possessed of both in large measure.

He was a wanderer from childhood, as his mother died when he was 13 years old. After two years at Union College he went on the stage, and was popular as an actor in romantic parts in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington before he went to England.

His first appearance there was at the Drury Lane Theatre, June 4, 1813. The Museum portrait was painted about two years later. He lived abroad until 1832 as actor, manager and author, and his success was varied and indifferent. It was for one of his plays that he wrote "Home, Sweet Home." He became American consul to Tunis in 1841 and died there in 1852. In 1833 his body was brought to this country and buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C.



John Howard Payne

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JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE AUTHOR OF

"Home, Sweet Home"

WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE REMOVAL OF HIS REMAINS
FROM TUNIS TO WASHINGTON

BY

CHARLES H. BRAINARD

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

CUPPLES, UPHAM & COMPANY

The Old Corner Bookstore

283 Washington Street

1885

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1915

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ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED
BY RAND, AVERY, AND COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.

TO
WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN,

This Biographical Sketch

OF ONE WHOM HE LOVED IN LIFE, AND HONORED
IN DEATH,

Is Most Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

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JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE paternal ancestors of John Howard Payne emigrated from England to America about the year 1622, and settled at the village of Eastham, on the western shore of Cape Cod, in the State of Massachusetts. His grandfather was a prominent citizen of that place, and a lieutenant in the service of the British Colonies: his death occurred at Cape Breton in 1746, the year in which his son William Payne, the father of the poet, was born.

At an early age William Payne was placed in charge of the Rev. Samuel Osborn of Eastham, for instruction: after completing his studies he went to Boston, where he became a tutor in a

wealthy family of that city. While occupying that position he commenced the study of medicine under Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill. His studies being interrupted by the troubles with England, he afterwards opened an English grammar school as a means of support. He was twice married; his first wife being Lucy Taylor of Barnstable, Mass., who died soon after her marriage. He afterwards made a voyage to the West Indies on business, and on his return went to New London, Conn., where he met with Miss Sarah Isaacs of East Hampton, L. I., a young woman of great personal attractions and varied accomplishments, with whom he is said to have fallen in love at first sight.

The father of Miss Isaacs was a converted Jew, who came to this country from Hamburg before the war of the Revolution, and settled in East Hampton, where he resided until his death. He was buried in the churchyard of that ancient

village, where his grave is marked by a humble tombstone bearing this brief but expressive inscription:—

“An Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.”

William Payne and Sarah Isaacs were married in 1780. Three years afterwards Mr. Payne was appointed principal of an academy established in East Hampton by DeWitt Clinton, governor of the State of New York. Of this academy, which bore the name of its illustrious founder, Mr. Payne remained in charge several years, when he removed to the city of New York, where his son John Howard, the sixth of a family of nine children, was born, at No. 33 Pearl Street, near the corner of Broad Street, on the 9th of June, 1791. A large portion of the early childhood of John was passed at the old homestead in East Hampton, where the beautiful scenery by which it was surrounded, and the sports in which he engaged at this happy period of his existence,

} Payne was
born in Britain;
an article at
end of this vol.
—
10

made a deep and abiding impression on his mind; and it will hereafter be seen, that, when he wrote the beautiful song which is sung with emotion throughout the English-speaking world, he must have been thinking of the pleasant old town on Long Island where he played in his infancy.

In 1796 William Payne removed with his family from New York to Boston, to take charge of an academy located in Berry Street, now Channing Street, where he resided twelve years.

The most notable incident of John's life in Boston was the formation of a boys' military company, of which he was chosen commander. He was at this time only twelve years of age. John G. Palfrey, afterwards a noted clergyman, politician, and historian, and Samuel Woodworth, who in after-years became distinguished as the author of the song of "The Old Oaken Bucket," are said to have been members of this company of juvenile soldiers, which attracted much atten-

tion whenever it paraded, and on one occasion, when it appeared on Boston Common, received a standard from the hands of a young and beautiful girl, who afterwards became the wife of a foreign ambassador. Major-Gen. Elliott, who was at the time on parade with the Boston militia, having heard of this presentation, immediately invited the youthful soldiers to join his line, where they were reviewed among the older companies, with whom they afterwards marched through the principal streets of the city.

William Payne was a successful teacher of elocution, and under his careful training his gifted son soon developed a decided taste for the drama, and such a precocious power in reading and recitation as created in him a strong desire to become an actor. Master Betty, the youthful Roscius of England, was at this time creating a sensation in the English theatres, and the American newspapers were enthusiastic in their praise of his wonderful performances. The

mind of Master Payne was deeply impressed by what he read concerning the young English actor, and he cherished a hope that he might some day become his rival.

At about this time John became assistant editor of a weekly child's paper, called "The Fly," of which the editor-in-chief was Samuel Woodworth, who was then learning the trade of a printer at an office in Boston.

At the age of thirteen John returned to the city of New York, where he was placed in the counting-room of a mercantile house, of which a deceased elder brother had been partner. It was not long before he became disgusted with the dry details and drudgery of business, and, turning his attention to literature, for which he had cherished a strong predilection, secretly engaged in the editorship of a little paper entitled "The Thespian Mirror," the first number of which appeared Dec. 28, 1805. It had a run of thirteen numbers; the last number, containing a

graceful valedictory, being published March 22, 1806. A dramatic criticism which appeared in one of the early numbers of this paper attracted the attention of William Coleman, editor of the New York "Evening Post," who republished it in the columns of that journal. When Mr. Coleman discovered that its author was a boy of only thirteen years he took so deep an interest in his welfare that he formed a plan to send him to college. He therefore introduced him to Mr. Seaman, a wealthy gentleman of New York, who was so captivated by his beauty of person and engaging manners, that, after consultation with his father, he proposed to pay the expenses of his education at Union College, Schenectady. John accordingly entered that college in the summer of 1806. In the fall of the same year he started a weekly paper called "The Pastime," which was liberally patronized by his fellow-students, some of whom were contributors to its columns.

In June, 1807, he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his mother, of whom he thus speaks in a touching and beautiful sketch of her character, published in "The Pastime:" "The stranger witnessed her urbanity; the afflicted were solaced by her sympathy; but her family alone knew the extent of that meek and unassuming goodness, which, concealed from the world, displayed itself amidst the cares, the joys, and sorrows of domestic life." "Few children," writes her gifted and accomplished daughter Eloise, in a letter addressed to Miss C. M. Sedgwick, "have owed more to a mother, and never was a parent more ardently beloved. Her affection knew no limitation, and was subject to no caprice."

William Payne having become financially embarrassed shortly after the death of his wife, his grief at her loss having unfitted him for the management of his business affairs, John suddenly left college with a determination to open



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
AS YOUNG NORVAL.

From engraving of painting, by C. R. Leslie, R. A.

a career for himself, which would enable him in time to relieve the necessities of his father, by adopting the profession of an actor, for which he had already exhibited decided talents, and which had for him the strongest attractions. His father having given a reluctant consent to his pursuing the course he had marked out for himself, he returned to Boston early in the year 1808, and there devoted a year to careful study and training for the stage, being also engaged a portion of the time as assistant editor of a musical and literary journal published in that city.

On the night of the 24th of February, 1809, he made his first appearance on the public stage, at the Park Theatre in New York, as "Young Norval," in the tragedy of "Douglas."

The début was a complete success. The applause was unbounded, the genius manifested by the debutant being a surprise and a delight to all who witnessed his performance. Mr. Seaman, under whose auspices he had entered Union Col-

lege, stood behind the scenes with the father of the young actor, and both heartily congratulated him upon his brilliant success. He was engaged at the Park Theatre for six nights prior to his departure for Boston to fill an engagement, but gave a seventh performance in New York for his own benefit, on which occasion his share of the receipts amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

His first appearance in Boston was at the Old Federal-street Theatre, on the 2d of April, 1809, in the character of "Young Norval;" and during his engagement he appeared as "Romeo," "Rolla," "Zaphna," "Selim," and "Octavian." His success in Boston was even greater than it had been in New York. He was pleasantly remembered as the youthful captain and boy-editor, and his reception was enthusiastic in the highest degree. While in Boston he received and accepted liberal offers to perform in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other Southern

cities. On his way to the South he remained a short time in New York, and played a second engagement at the Park Theatre with a still greater success than on the occasion of his first appearance.

After a delay of several weeks in New York, he proceeded to Baltimore, where he was an utter stranger. As he slowly wandered through the streets of that city in search of the Holiday-street Theatre, he noticed the sign of Mr. Edward J. Coale, a bookseller, to whom a letter which he carried in his pocket was addressed. On entering the store he saw a group of persons attentively listening to the reading of a letter, which, as it afterwards appeared, related to himself. When he mentioned his name to Mr. Coale, that gentleman grasped his hand, and led him to the group, exclaiming, "This is the young man himself." Mr. Jonathan Meredith and Mr. Alexander Hanson now stepped forward, and gave him a cordial greeting; telling

him at the same time that they had just listened to the reading of a letter which a literary gentleman in New York had written in his behalf, and in which he was warmly commended to their kindness. Mr. Meredith then escorted him to his own house, which he was invited to make his home during his sojourn in Baltimore. Through the influence of his newly found friends, Meredith and Hanson, an engagement for two weeks was secured for him at the theatre, and on most liberal terms.

The announcement of his first appearance in Baltimore created a degree of excitement and enthusiasm unprecedented in the history of the drama in that city. He played there twelve consecutive nights; the theatre being filled to overflowing at each performance, by an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. This engagement yielded him fifteen hundred dollars.

On the day after his benefit, the following epigram, entitled "The Retort Courteous," written

by a popular poet of Baltimore, appeared in one of the daily newspapers of that city:—

“All those who from Payne had experienced delight,
With increased admiration and pleasure each night,
To evince their desire of delighting again,
Attended last night, and gave pleasure to *Payne!*”

At the close of his engagement in Baltimore he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he attracted crowded houses, his success being in all respects a repetition of what he had experienced in other cities where he had previously performed. He afterwards appeared in Richmond, Va., and, subsequently, in Charleston and other cities of South Carolina. Wherever he appeared during this tour, he was received with much enthusiasm, and his remarkable performances elicited great applause.

In the summer of 1809 he appeared in Washington, and played several nights at the only theatre then existing in that embryotic city, and which was afterwards known as Carusi's

Saloon, and is now called the Theatre Comique. Some of the oldest residents of Washington retain pleasant memories of his impersonations of "Young Norval," and other characters, in which his acting was so true to nature that his delighted auditors sometimes lost sight of the actor while looking upon the ideal creations which his wonderful genius had for the time made a living reality. Mr. William W. Corcoran, then a boy of eleven years, attended his performances nightly, and to this day cherishes vivid recollections of the youthful actor and of the various characters which he assumed during his brief engagement in Washington.

At this period of his life, young Payne was as handsome in person as he was gifted in intellect. One of his most intimate friends in writing of him says, "Nature bestowed upon him a countenance of no common order, and his eyes glowed with animation and intelligence. A more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

From the original miniature, painted by Joseph Wood, now in the
possession of Mrs. Eloise E. Luquer.



was never associated in a human countenance, and his face was an index of his heart. He was a perfect Cupid in his beauty, and his sweet voice, and self-possessed yet modest manners, made him a most engaging prodigy."

During his visit to Washington, an excellent portrait of him, in miniature, was painted by Wood, one of the most noted water-color painters of his time. This portrait was afterwards engraved for a theatrical magazine entitled "The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor," and appeared in the issue of that periodical for January, 1811. Payne was in his nineteenth year when he sat for this portrait, the engraving from which represents a youth whose beauty of face and figure fully justifies the flattering description quoted above.

In the early part of the year 1810 he returned to Baltimore, where he played four nights with great success. During the two following seasons he appeared in Boston, New York, Philadelphia,

Richmond, and Charleston, in all of which cities he was warmly greeted by large audiences.

During a private visit to Baltimore in the month of June, 1812, the printing-office of his early friend and patron Alexander Hanson, who edited and published "The Federal Republican," was destroyed by a political mob. Although Payne had taken no part in political controversies, a sentiment of gratitude prompted him to offer his assistance to Mr. Hanson in re-establishing his paper. His generous offer was promptly accepted, and his name afterwards included among those to whom Mr. Hanson publicly returned his thanks for their devotion to his interests at this trying period.

Mr. Hanson, Mr. Meredith, and several other friends and admirers of Payne, now advised him to visit Europe, where he would have a wider field for the exercise of his dramatic and literary talents, and better opportunities for their improvement by study and travel, than he could

hope to find in his own country; and they also made him offers of such pecuniary assistance as he might need for this purpose.

Under the auspices of his generous patrons, Payne accordingly sailed from New York for Liverpool on the seventeenth day of January, 1813, in the brig "Catherine Ray," and, after a most boisterous passage of twenty-three days, reached Liverpool. England was at this time engaged in a war with the United States; and consequently he and his fellow-passengers were, to their surprise and indignation, arrested as prisoners of war, and marched from the ship to a place of confinement, in which they remained two weeks, when they were released and allowed to proceed to London.

A few days after his arrival in London, Payne was introduced to William Roscoe, who greeted him most cordially, and subsequently presented him to John Philip Kemble, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Rogers, Shelley, and many other noted

authors. It was with some difficulty that he obtained an engagement to appear on the stage of a London theatre; but he finally succeeded, and on the 14th of June, 1813, made his appearance at the Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of "Young Norval;" the part of "Lady Randolph" being sustained by Mrs. Powell, a highly gifted and popular actress. The performance from beginning to end excited tumultuous applause, and the house rang with thunders of approbation at the power exhibited by Payne in the death-scene in the last act of the play. Many Americans were present on this occasion, among whom were the artists Benjamin West and Charles R. Leslie, who sat together in a stage box.

Payne performed at Drury Lane every night for a month; his last appearance being in the character of "Romeo," in which his success was complete. He next appeared at Liverpool, where he was, if possible, more successful than he had been in London. He afterwards played with

equal success in Birmingham and Manchester, and also in several smaller towns, and then proceeded to Dublin, where he was most kindly received, both publicly and privately. Here he became acquainted with Daniel O'Connell, Charles Phillips, and other gifted Irishmen, who afterwards became famous in the history of their unhappy country. His first appearance in Dublin was in the character of "Rolla." Throughout his engagement the leading female characters were played by the afterwards celebrated Miss O'Neil, who was as remarkable for her beauty as for her dramatic genius.

After his engagement in Dublin, Payne played with marked success at Waterford, where Miss O'Neil appeared with him; and this was her first appearance as a star. When they appeared together as "Romeo" and "Juliet," their youth and beauty so admirably suited the characters that they excited the wildest applause of the densely packed audience.

They afterwards played at Cork, where, on the night of his benefit, Payne delivered an address written for the occasion by Charles Phillips.

At the close of this engagement, he accompanied O'Connell, Phillips, and other noted Irishmen, to Killarney, and shared in the honors everywhere bestowed upon the party. After witnessing a stag-hunt on the lake, they were entertained at a dinner on Innisfallen Island; on which occasion Phillips, in response to a toast complimentary to himself and Payne, made the celebrated speech on Washington and America, which has since been so popular an exercise in declamation, in the schools and colleges of this country.

Payne now returned to London, where he remained a few weeks, and then, crossed the Channel and hastened to Paris, where he arrived at a most interesting time, as Bonaparte had just returned thither from Elba, and the gay metropolis was alive with excitement and enthusiasm.

Among the many noted men with whom he became acquainted at this time were Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and Talma, the tragedian, who was then playing to crowded houses at the principal theatre in Paris, where, night after night, Payne witnessed his matchless renditions of the leading characters in the tragedies of Shakspeare. The intimate friendship between Payne and Talma, which began at this time, continued unbroken until the death of the latter.

During this visit to Paris, Payne witnessed the performance of a melodrama entitled "The Maid and Magpie," which was creating a great excitement among the patrons of the drama. So pleased was he with the piece, that he made a free translation of it, as an exercise in French, having no ulterior object in view. He took this translation with him on his return to London, where he sold it to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre for one hundred and fifty pounds, the reputation of the piece having preceded his arri-

val in England. This was the commencement of his successful career as a writer and translator of plays for the English stage.

During the year 1817 he played brief engagements in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other English cities, where he was well received, but not with the enthusiasm which he excited on his first appearance in England, when he was but little more than a boy. Other juvenile dramatic prodigies, including Master Betty, lost much of their attractiveness when they became men; and such was the case with Payne, who had now become corpulent, and outgrown all tragic symmetry. He therefore gradually abandoned the stage for dramatic authorship, and in the following year wrote the tragedy of "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin," which was produced for the first time at the Drury Lane Theatre, Dec. 3, 1818, the part of "Brutus" being played by Edmund Kean. This tragedy was a great success, and for more than seventy-five nights was performed

to crowded houses. So great was its popularity, that it was printed and published within ten days after its first performance. A printer in the theatre purchased the copyright, and caused it to be put into type in the printing-office of the theatre, in a cellar under the stage, the manuscript being taken from the prompter during the performance as fast as it was used. When the author descended to the office to read the proofs, he was amused and astonished to see the whole Roman senate, with their togas thrown over their shoulders, busily engaged by torchlight in setting types.

The tragedy of "Brutus" was not altogether original with Payne. From seven plays on the same subject, only two of which had been thought capable of representation, he had unhesitatingly adopted the language and conceptions of their authors whenever they seemed to strengthen the plan which he had prescribed; and this fact he frankly stated in a brief preface.

Having become dissatisfied with the illiberality of most of the theatrical managers, who contrived to secure the largest share of the profits arising from the production of his various dramas, Payne now resolved to turn manager, and produce his own pieces on his own stage. He accordingly leased the Sadler's Wells Theatre, where he brought out many new plays, which were well received; but at the close of the season he found himself deeply in debt, having lost over seven thousand dollars by his enterprise. As he could offer his creditors no security for the payment of so large a sum of money, he was arrested, and lodged in a debtors' prison, from which there seemed no prospect of his speedy release; but, through the clouds that then hung so thickly over him, the sunlight of hope shone sooner than he expected. One morning a parcel was brought to him without a letter or a word of explanation. This parcel contained two plays in French, by M. Victor,

one of them being "*Thérèse*," the latest work of this gifted author. On reading this play, Payne resolved to translate it, and fit it for the English stage. He went to work at once, and in two days the translation and adaptation were finished. Three days later it was placed in the hands of the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, by whom it was afterwards accepted, and immediately produced under the title of "*Thérèse* ; or, *The Orphan of Geneva*." It was performed for the first time on the evening of Feb. 2, 1821.

By obtaining a pass from the court, Payne was permitted to leave his prison-house long enough to supervise a rehearsal of the piece, of which he also witnessed the first representation.

"*Thérèse*" was in all respects a brilliant success. It was received with great enthusiasm, and for many consecutive nights played to crowded houses. So large was Payne's share of the profits of the piece, that he was enabled to effect a

compromise with his creditors, and regain his liberty. In less than a month after the first production of "Thérèse," he returned to France, having been commissioned by the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre to make translations of the most popular plays produced at the Parisian theatres, and adapt them to the English stage. He had not been long in Paris when he met Washington Irving, whom he had known from his boyhood. Irving was at this time thirty-eight years old, and Payne eight years younger. Payne was then occupying the first floor of a small house which stood in a garden in a pleasant part of the city. In his private journal Irving speaks of breakfasting there with him in the month of April, 1821, and adds, "Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are feasible." After breakfast Payne and Irving took a stroll along the boulevards, and afterwards called on Talma, the great tragedian, whom Irving had never before seen.

In the early part of the year 1823, Charles Kemble, who had assumed the management of the Covent Garden Theatre in London, wrote to Payne for some new pieces to be produced at that theatre. Payne accordingly sold him three manuscript plays, which he had written several months before, for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. One of these plays was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," into which he had introduced the song of "Home, Sweet Home," which was written in Paris, on a dull October day, when he was occupying a small lodging-room in the upper story of a building near the Palais Royal. To use his own words, as addressed to a friend, the depressing influences of the sky and air were in harmony with the feeling of solitude and sadness which oppressed his soul. As he sat in his room, diverting his thoughts with the sight of the happy crowds promenading the streets below him, the words came rushing into his mind, to lift, console, and refresh his over-

burdened heart. It was under these influences that he wrote the song which has touched responsive chords in the heart of the world, and immortalized the name of its author.

The following are the words of the song as originally written :—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
 (Like the love of a mother,
 Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 There's a spell in the shade
 Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
Oh, give me my lonely thatched cottage again !
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,—
 Those who named me with pride—
 Those who played by my side—
Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all !

The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—There's no place like
home !

Payne afterwards re-wrote the song, the music
for which was composed by Henry R. Bishop.

The following is a correct version of "Home,
Sweet Home," as arranged for the opera, having
been copied from the author's own manuscript:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home !
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere !

Home, home, sweet, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home !
There's no place like Home !

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain !
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !—
—The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them !—and the peace of mind dearer than all !

Home, home, sweet, sweet Home !
There's no place like Home !
There's no place like Home !"

"Clari" was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre about the middle of May, 1823, and met with a degree of success which was quite as surprising to the manager as it was flattering to the author. The part of "Clari" was enacted by Miss Maria Tree (a sister of Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), by whom the song was sung for the first time. To the beautiful face and figure of Miss Tree was superadded the charm of a most melodious voice, which rendered her on this occasion so fascinating that she won the heart and hand of a wealthy merchant of London. The piece had what is called in theatrical parlance "a great run," and for many consecutive nights filled the theatre to overflowing. The words and music of the song were so popular, that more than one hundred thousand copies were sold by the publishers within one year after its publication; but Payne was not permitted to share in the great success which followed the enterprise of the manager and

publisher, as he was cheated out of the twenty-five pounds which he was promised on the twentieth night of the performance of his successful play, and his name did not appear on the title-page of the song, from the sales of which the publisher realized a small fortune.

The air of "Home, Sweet Home," was taken from an old Sicilian vesper, and adapted to the song, by Bishop. The popular story that Payne caught it by marking down the notes he heard a Swiss peasant-girl sing, is simply a pleasant fiction, having not the slightest foundation in fact; as his varied gifts and acquirements did not include a knowledge of music, of which science he was profoundly ignorant. He had not the slightest musical taste, and could not tell one note from another.

When Payne sent the manuscript of "Clari" to London, he drew on the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, through Bishop, for ninety pounds, the balance then due him; having only

the day before received the sum of thirty pounds, for which he requested Bishop to express his thanks to Mr. Kemble. These facts show how utterly wanting in truth is the oft-repeated statement, that when he wrote the opera he was in straitened circumstances. He was at that time occupying luxurious lodgings in a fashionable quarter of Paris, and profitably employed in translating French plays and adapting them to the English stage.

An autograph copy of the letter which he sent to Bishop with the manuscript of "Clari" now lies before the present writer. Therein he gives full directions as to the manner in which the opera should be placed upon the stage, including suggestions to Miss Tree, who was to enact the part of "Clari." This letter closes with the following graceful sentence, characteristic of the writer, whose refined and gentlemanly instincts were expressed in every act of his life:—

"I hope you make memoranda of the expenses you have been at in postage, etc., on account of what I have sent to the theatre through you. If the treasury has not paid it, I shall think you do me great injustice if you deny me the opportunity of preventing my correspondence from becoming a tax upon any thing but your patience."

Payne does not appear to have been much elated by the great success of "*Clari*;" as in a letter to one of his sisters, dated Paris, May 28, 1823, he thus modestly alludes to it:—

"I have within the last fortnight been favored with another theatrical success in an opera entitled '*Clari, the Maid of Milan*,' of which I have desired Miller, who has bought the copyright, to send six copies to Thatcher, one for each of my own family, and the others for wheresoever you may think they will be most valued."

The following extract from the same letter gives a glimpse of his life in Paris at this time:—

"I have several works on the stocks; and to complete them undisturbed, I have taken a country-house at Versailles, for which, and its large garden, I pay fifty dollars till January next. You have no house-rent in New York so cheap.

"For purposes of business I retain my place here, which is so very cheap that I can do it without violating your injunctions of economy."

Payne was busily at work when Irving returned to Paris in August, 1823, and found him at his lodgings in "a sky-parlor" at the Palais Royale. Irving's pen had been idle for several months; and as he was consequently somewhat dispirited, and haunted by a dread of future failure, Payne suggested to him a partnership in the work on which he was himself then engaged, at the same time offering him an equal share of the profits accruing therefrom. To this liberal proposal Irving assented, with the proviso that his name should not be used in connection with the plays thus jointly produced.

Irving left Paris soon after making this agreement with Payne, but returned thither early in October. During his absence Payne had hired a suite of rooms at No. 89 Rue Richelieu, which he furnished very handsomely with the furniture which he transferred to them from his cottage at Versailles. Three of these rooms he rented to Irving, reserving one small apartment for himself.

The first work in which Irving now engaged was the alteration of "*La Jeunesse de Richelieu*," a play which had been performed in Paris nearly thirty years before, and which Payne had already partially translated. The two literary partners then translated several other pieces, with which Payne privately set off for London, and there offered them to Charles Kemble. While negotiations for their sale were pending, Irving transmitted to Payne the manuscript of "*Charles II., or the Merry Monarch*," a piece in three acts, altered from "*La Jeunesse de Henri V.*," the

larger portion of which Irving had himself translated and adapted. In his letter acknowledging the receipt of this play, Payne thus writes: "I consider it one of the best pieces I ever read." This piece and "Richelieu" were finally sold to the manager of Covent Garden for two hundred guineas down; which Payne considered a good sum, and thought it might be doubled by the copyrights.

"Charles II." was produced May 27, 1824, and met with extraordinary success. Irving arrived in London early on the evening of the next day, in time to see the second representation of the piece. Three days afterwards he assisted Payne in pruning it, and compressing it into two acts, after which Payne disposed of the copyright for fifty guineas. It was immediately put to press by Payne, who simply intimated in a brief preface that the manuscript had been revised "by a literary friend, to whom he was indebted for invaluable touches;" Irving's stipu-

lation for the concealment of his name not permitting him to make any other allusion to his silent partner.

"*Richelieu*" was not produced until February, 1826; when it was played for a few nights, and then withdrawn, exceptions having been taken to the plot. At the close of the year it was published in New York, with a dedication to Irving.

At about this time Payne established in London a critical paper, entitled "*The Opera Glass*," which reached but a few numbers; a sudden illness, during which his life was despaired of, having brought the publication thereof to an abrupt termination.

In the summer of 1832 he left England, and returned to New York, which he reached at the time the cholera was raging in that city. For several hours after he landed he wandered about the desolate streets, fearing that all his family had perished; but, knocking with trembling hands

at the door of his brother's residence, he was rejoiced to find that all he loved were living. He was warmly received by his friends and the public; and, in the month of November following, a complimentary benefit was tendered him at the Park Theatre, where he had made his first appearance as an actor twenty-three years before. The house was filled from pit to gallery by one of the most refined and intellectual audiences ever assembled within its walls. The price of tickets was raised to five dollars for the boxes, and one dollar for the gallery; and the receipts at the box-office were seven thousand dollars. The opening play was Payne's tragedy of "Brutus," the leading part in which was sustained by Edwin Forrest. The performance of the tragedy was followed by the singing of "Home, Sweet Home;" after which Shakspeare's comedy of "Katherine and Petruchio" was presented, the two principal characters being impersonated by Charles Kemble and his beautiful

and gifted daughter Fanny. Payne's comedy of "Charles II." closed what was doubtless the most brilliant and successful dramatic entertainment that had ever been given in New York.

On the 3d of April, 1833, a complimentary benefit was given to Payne, at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, which, from a variety of causes,—one of which was a lack of judicious management,—was unsuccessful. The tickets were placed at a price that limited the attendance to the personal friends of the beneficiary, not more than three hundred of whom were present at the rising of the curtain.

The pieces played on this occasion consisted chiefly of selections from Payne's dramas; and the performance closed with the playing of "Home, Sweet Home," by the orchestra, after which the beneficiary was loudly called for. When he appeared on the stage, he was at first greatly agitated, but soon recovered his self-possession, and made an eloquent address, which

was warmly applauded. Though few in numbers, the audience was one of exceptional brilliancy, and included many representatives of the wealth and culture of the city.

On his return to New York, Payne took up his abode with his brother, Thatcher Taylor Payne, between whom and himself an ardent attachment had always existed. This brother, younger by five years than himself, was an eminent lawyer, and a profound scholar, whose fine mind and rare acquirements, no less than his genial and courtly manners, made him a fit companion for his gifted brother.

Payne now issued the prospectus of a literary journal, but, owing to its high price, failed to obtain a list of subscribers large enough to justify the issuing of the initial number.

At about this time he contemplated the publication of a "Life of Our Saviour," which he had written in the manner of a harmony of the Four Gospels; but, the market having been pre-

occupied by a similar work from the pen of an eminent clergyman, the project was abandoned.

In 1835 he made a tour through the Southern States, and visited the city of New Orleans, where he was warmly received by many of its citizens, and tendered a complimentary benefit at the Camp-street Theatre, which event took place on the evening of March 18, 1835. The net proceeds of this benefit were over a thousand dollars. The plays performed on the occasion were "Thérèse" and "Charles II." With this benefit terminated Payne's connection with the drama.

On his way back to New York, he visited the Cherokee country, and passed several weeks with John Ross, the chief of the nation. At this time the United States Government was endeavoring to negotiate a treaty with the Cherokees, providing for their removal to lands beyond the Mississippi River, — a movement that was warmly opposed by Ross and his chiefs. As Ross had

reasons for considering his person and property in danger while these negotiations were pending, — a military guard having been placed along the border-line of Georgia, to preserve peace between the white inhabitants and the Cherokees, — he had removed his family into Tennessee. Payne's intimacy with Ross excited a suspicion that he was aiding him in postponing a ratification of the treaty; and this suspicion induced twenty-five members of the Georgia Guard to surround the hut of Ross on a dark night, and, without orders or legal authority, to arrest both him and Payne, whom they forced to ride to their headquarters, more than twenty miles distant. During the ride, one of the guard struck up "Home, Sweet Home;" when Payne, thinking to soften the hearts of his captors, asked them if they knew he was the author of the song. "It's no such thing," replied the singer: "it's in 'The Western Songster.'" Payne used to relate this anecdote with evident enjoyment.

Payne passed a portion of the year 1838 in the city of Washington, during which time he was actively engaged in writing for various newspapers and magazines.

Among the products of his facile and active pen at this period, was an article for "The Democratic Review," entitled "Our Neglected Poets;" the subject being William Martin Johnson, the story of whose eventful life and early death was gracefully narrated. This article contains many passages of genuine humor, occasional touches of pathos, and an elaborate and graphic description of the quaint old village of East Hampton, where the writer passed many of the happiest hours of his early childhood, and which seems to have been photographed upon his brain, and thus lovingly borne with him in all his wanderings in both hemispheres.

In 1841 the death of President Harrison caused a change in the administration of the government at Washington. He was succeeded by

Vice-President John Tyler, with whom Payne afterwards became intimately acquainted, and also with the principal members of his cabinet. By the advice of many of his friends, he applied to President Tyler for a foreign consulship. His application, having been seconded by William L. Marcy and Daniel Webster, — both of whom were warm friends of the applicant, — was favorably considered by the President, who, on the 23d of August, 1842, appointed him consul at Tunis. Ten years had then elapsed since he landed in New York, after a residence of nineteen years in Europe, during which time he had performed a large amount of literary labor, and had travelled much in the northern and southern portions of the United States.

He was now in the maturity and full vigor of his physical and mental powers, and remarkable for his rare colloquial talents, which made him a brilliant ornament to the social circle in which he moved. His conversation was enriched by a

fund of anecdotes, which he related with great zest; a ready flow of wit and humor, which sparkled but never wounded; and delightful reminiscences of the most noted men and women of his time whom he had met in Europe and America. A gifted and accomplished lady who resided in Washington at this time, and at whose mother's house Payne was a frequent visitor, recently informed the present writer that he was one of the most genial and cheerful companions she ever met, and that he was accustomed to recount with fine effect many amusing stories relating to his travels and adventures at home and abroad.

One of his favorite resorts at this time was Parrott's Woods, in Georgetown, D.C., now the beautiful cemetery of Oak Hill. This charming sylvan retreat he frequently visited in company with several lady friends, and on such occasions gave enthusiastic expression to his admiration of the beauty of the spot, and the picturesque

scenery which surrounded it; little dreaming, that, after his mortal remains had rested in the soil of a foreign land for more than thirty years, they would be brought thither by the agency of one who knew and admired him as an actor in his early manhood; who was the friend of his later years; and whose loyalty to his memory would be manifested by causing them to be consigned to their last resting-place beneath the very trees in whose shadows he once loved to wander.

He sailed for Europe, *en route* for Tunis, in the month of February, 1843, but did not reach that city until the middle of the following May; having tarried at London, Havre, Paris, and Marseilles, where he met many of his friends of former years, who gave him a warm reception.

In less than three years after reaching Tunis, he was recalled by President Polk, who had succeeded President Tyler; his position being wanted for a political favorite who formerly held the office, and whose re-appointment was strongly and per-

sistently urged by Thomas H. Benton, a senator from Missouri.

This sudden removal from office was a great disappointment to Payne, as he had but just succeeded in bringing order out of chaos, and getting the consulate into proper condition. He had induced the Bey of Tunis to repair and improve the consular residence; and, for more than a year, had been engaged in writing a history of that city, which work must now be abandoned, as materials for its successful prosecution could not be found elsewhere. But, with a true philosophic spirit, he quietly submitted to what was inevitable. He did not, however, immediately return home, but, true to his old nomadic instincts, spent more than a year in travelling in Italy, France, and England, passing a considerable portion of the time in Paris and London, and did not reach New York until the month of July, 1847.

After a protracted sojourn in New York, he

proceeded to Washington in the fall of 1849, with a view of making an effort to obtain a re-appointment to the office from which he had been so unjustly removed. He was cordially welcomed by his old friends, some of whom made personal appeals to President Taylor in his behalf; but so strong were the influences arrayed against him by the personal and political friends of his successor in office, that, after several un-availing attempts to give effect to his wishes, it was deemed advisable to postpone further action in the matter until after the next presidential election, when, it was confidently believed, a change in the administration would take place, and that renewed efforts to obtain his restoration to office would then be successful.

The author's acquaintance with Mr. Payne began in Washington, in the month of March, 1850, at which time he had nearly abandoned all hope of obtaining a re-appointment to the consulship of Tunis.

On the 9th of July of the same year, President Taylor died, after a brief illness; and was succeeded in office by Vice-President Fillmore, to whom the friends of Payne now made earnest and repeated requests for his restoration to his old official position. For several months their efforts in his behalf were unsuccessful, owing chiefly to the persistent opposition of Senator Benton, whose motive for the course he pursued was evidently a desire to retain in office the successor of Payne.

At a time when serious doubts began to be entertained concerning the ultimate success of the united efforts of Payne and his friends to re-instate him in office, a noble-hearted young woman of Washington, who had become deeply interested in his welfare, made a personal appeal to the President, and advocated his cause with so much eloquence and zeal that she was assured his nomination to the office which he had so long sought should be sent to the Senate on

the following day. The nomination was made as the President had promised, and was immediately and almost unanimously confirmed.

During his last sojourn in Washington, which covered a period of more than a year, Payne received much attention and kindness from his old friends, and from many others, whose knowledge of his early history and eventful life made him an object of more than ordinary interest. He lodged in a small but comfortable and well-furnished room in Fourteenth Street, opposite Willard's Hotel, and but a few rods from Pennsylvania Avenue. I passed many pleasant hours with him in this room, where I was entertained not only by his delightful conversation, but frequently by an examination of his rare treasures of literature and art, the chief of which were a volume of letters addressed to him by the noted men and women whose acquaintance he had formed many years before; and a large album containing original sketches by Allston, Leslie,

Haydon, West, and other famous painters of their times, together with many autograph letters of Washington Irving, Thomas Moore, Charles Lamb, Talma, John Philip Kemble, Edmund Kean, George Croly, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe and Mary Shelley, Curran, Daniel O'Connell, and many others scarcely less distinguished. Judging from the tenor of these letters, Payne was held in high esteem by their distinguished writers.

He sought but little society at this time, but, on the contrary, seemed to shrink from observation, and confined his visits to a few chosen friends. He was much in the society of Mr. William W. Corcoran, who saw and admired him as an actor many years before, and whose name is now so honorably and pleasantly associated with his own; and he was in the habit of passing a portion of several evenings in each week at the house of Mr. Riggs, the business partner of Mr. Corcoran, where he was always a welcome guest.

Mr. Corcoran often met him on these occasions, and now relates with manifest pleasure many interesting incidents of his life at this period.

At about this time Emma Southworth of Washington created a marked sensation in literary circles by her story of "Retribution," which Payne read with much interest, and on which he bestowed very high praise in a letter to its author, to whom, by his request, I shortly afterwards introduced him. She then resided in that portion of the city known as "The Island," a few rods south of the site of the Smithsonian Institution. We passed many pleasant hours together at the residence of the young novelist, where we often met prominent literary men and women of Washington, and other sections of the country, who had read and admired her first novel. Mrs. Southworth was a brilliant conversationalist, and thus drew around her a delightful literary and social circle, of which Payne was for a time a prominent member.



'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendour dapples in vain!—
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!—
— The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them!— and the peace of mind dears them all!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

John Howard Payne,
Washington Aug: 10: 1830.

For his friend Charles H. Brainerd.

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Payne was one of the most modest and unpretending literary men I ever knew. He rarely alluded to his writings, but would sometimes speak of his early career as an author and actor, when he basked in the smiles of fame and fortune, and was the petted favorite of an extensive literary and dramatic circle. As he contrasted his condition at that happy period of his life with that to which he had been reduced by advancing years and adverse fortune, his face wore an expression of sadness, and his voice faltered with emotion.

He received his commission as consul to Tunis in the month of February, 1851, but did not leave Washington until after the adjournment of Congress in the month following. A short time before his departure for New York, I persuaded him to sit for a daguerreotype portrait. A few months before, he had copied for me the song of "Home, Sweet Home."

His chirography was remarkable for its fine-

ness, gracefulness, and legibility; each letter being perfectly formed, and a page of his manuscript containing nearly as many words as would be included in a printed page of equal size. Although his correspondence was, in earlier life, very extensive, he was in the habit of copying his letters by hand, and placing the copies with the letters of his correspondents written in reply.

One of the most pleasant incidents of Payne's life in Washington at this period was a flattering compliment which he received from Jenny Lind, at a concert given by her on the night of Dec. 17, 1850, in a hall hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the National Theatre, and which was filled on this eventful night by probably the most distinguished audience ever seen in a concert-room in the United States. Prominent among the notable men present, and occupying front seats, were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Gen. Scott, and Mr. Payne.

The closing song on the programme was the "Greeting to America," written expressly for the great vocalist by Bayard Taylor, which she sang with thrilling effect. The applause which followed was most enthusiastic; and when it had somewhat subsided, Mr. Webster, who was evidently in one of his genial after-dinner moods, emphasized it by rising, and making a profound bow to the singer, who then turned towards Payne, and sang "Home, Sweet Home." The vast audience was electrified, and gave full expression to its enthusiasm at the end of the first line; and when the song was ended, the demonstrations of applause were of the wildest character, and were prolonged for several minutes. Meantime all eyes were turned towards Payne, who seemed deeply embarrassed at thus finding himself the centre of so many admiring glances.

Mr. Payne and the author left Washington for New York at about the same time. In the

course of a few days after my arrival in the last-named city, he called on me at a picture-gallery of which I had assumed the charge, and which was located in Broadway, on the southwest corner of Leonard Street. He informed me that he was busily engaged in preparations for his departure for Tunis, and was making purchases of books, pictures, and other articles to take with him. When he called on me a few days later, I noticed that his face wore an anxious look; but before I had an opportunity to inquire concerning the cause thereof, he stated that he was then occupying a room, in University Building, barely large enough to contain a bed, two chairs, wash-stand, and table, and that he was, therefore, in need of a more spacious room in which to pack the large trunks which were to contain his personal effects. Fortunately there was in the rear of the gallery in my charge a large and unoccupied room, in which I told him he could place them, and at the same time in-

vited him to make the gallery his headquarters for business during his stay in New York. His face at once assumed a cheerful expression, and thanking me for the invitation he went away; but, in a few hours afterwards, returned with several large trunks, which were carefully bestowed in the room I had assigned to his use.

From this time until the day of his final departure from New York, he was with me several hours each day, and frequently remained with me until late at night. He was busily employed most of the time during the day in arranging his business affairs, and in making purchases, which consisted principally of books and pictures. Among his pictorial purchases were several large colored lithographic views of American cities, which were intended for presentation to the Bey of Tunis. From the great quantity of books, pictures, and other articles with which he filled his trunks, it was evident that he looked forward to many years of pleasant

life in Tunis. He was in excellent spirits at this time, and, seemingly, very happy in the prospect of returning to his old home in a foreign land.

When wearied with packing his trunks, in which labor I frequently gave him my assistance, he would entertain me by his brilliant conversation, which was interspersed with reminiscences of his life abroad and with anecdotes relating to himself, to all of which I listened with absorbing interest.

Among the personal anecdotes which he related at this time, were the following. Soon after his return to this country, after an absence of nineteen years, he was riding in a stage-coach incognito, when one of his fellow-passengers inquired of a companion, "What has become of J. H. Payne?"—"Oh," said the person addressed, "he is entirely broken down: he came out very brilliant, but soon collapsed." Payne laughed very heartily as he related this incident.

When he visited Boston, some years after his return from his first residence in Europe, he missed the attention which had marked his visits to that city in former years. Conversing, one day, with a lady whom he had known many years before, he remarked that times had changed since his last visit, for now he received many invitations to church, but very few to dinner. "Will you dine with me to-day, Mr. Payne?" asked the lady. "No, I thank you," said Payne. "I'm engaged to dine with an old friend to-day."

He once heard of a parrot, belonging to a hotel-keeper in New York, that had been taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," and walked some distance to see it. Approaching the parrot's cage, he requested him to sing the song; when Polly promptly replied, to the great amusement of Payne, "I can't, I've got a bad cold."

One evening as we sat together, after he had become exhausted by the labors of the day, and had sunk into a large armchair, he related, with

deep feeling, the story of his attachment to a beautiful and accomplished lady of Boston, by whom his affection was reciprocated, and who would have become his wife but for parental objections. This lady belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Boston.

In person Payne was under the medium height, and slightly built. His symmetrical and finely-developed head was bald on the top, but the sides were covered with light-brown hair. His nose was large, and disproportionate to the rest of his face, which was lighted by a pair of delicate blue eyes that shone from beneath a lofty brow. He wore a full beard, consisting of side-whiskers and a moustache, which were always well trimmed. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and usually wore a dark-brown frock-coat and a black vest, while his neck was covered with a black satin scarf, which was also arranged in graceful folds across his breast. Despite his quiet and unpretending manner, and his plain

attire, there was that nameless something about his appearance which never failed to attract attention, and to impress even the most casual observer with a feeling that he looked upon a man of no ordinary character. His voice was low and musical ; and when conversing on any subject in which he was deeply interested, he spoke with a degree of earnestness that enchained the attention and touched the hearts of his listeners.

On the sixth day of May, 1851, I saw Mr. Payne for the last time. He had taken passage for Havre in the steamer "Humboldt," which sailed on that day at noon. As I was unable to accompany him to the ship, he called at my rooms, on his way thither, to bid me good-by. The day being quite cool, he wore a brown overcoat closely buttoned ; and carried beneath his right arm a large umbrella which had evidently seen much service. He was in excellent spirits, though as he grasped my hand at parting he exhibited no little emotion ; and his voice was husky as he

pronounced these last words, "Good-by, and God bless you!" I watched him as he moved down Broadway with rapid step and form erect, and thus passed forever from my sight.

On his arrival at Tunis, he found the consular residence in a dilapidated condition; but, through the liberality of the Bey, to whom he made repeated requests for money to make the repairs it so much needed, it was put in perfect order, and made the finest consulate in the city. On the roof a tall flag-staff was erected; and, when a large national standard, purchased by Payne, was first unfurled to the breeze, in the presence of a great multitude, a brass-band stationed on a platform attached to the staff, and twenty-five feet above the roof, made the welkin ring with their shrill and somewhat discordant music. A bountiful collation was spread out in the spacious rooms of the second story, and for several hours the consulate was the scene of feasting and gayety.

In addition to the great outlay made by the Bey, in repairing and embellishing the consular residence, Payne expended thereupon considerable money which he borrowed for the purpose, and thus became involved in debt. His health giving way at about the same time, and his plans for literary labor being thus broken up, he became disheartened, and, finally, unable from increasing weakness to discharge the duties of his office, or leave his room. During his last sickness, which was long and painful, he received every needed attention and kindness from his friends in Tunis and from his faithful Moorish servant. Mr. Thomas F. Reade the British consul, and four Sisters of Charity, Rosalie, Josephine, Marie Xavier, and Celeste, were especially devoted to him. Mrs. Heap, a most excellent and lovely woman, was accustomed to visit him, and to read to him from his favorite books whenever he was able to listen. The Sisters said of him, that he was very gentle, and thoughtful of

their comfort to the last, and that it was a pleasure to care for him.

On the ninth day of April, 1852, in less than one year after he sailed from New York, his gentle and weary spirit went to its eternal rest.

His remains were interred, with simple but impressive religious ceremonies, in the Protestant cemetery of St. George, at Tunis. The United States Government, a few months afterwards, caused his grave to be marked by a thick white-marble slab, on which was carved the national seal, followed by a brief and appropriate epitaph, while on each of its edges was inscribed a line of poetry, the four lines reading thus:—

“Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God’s angels said,
‘Welcome to Heaven’s Home, Sweet Home!’”

It has, for many years, been customary to speak of Payne as a homeless wanderer, who

knew nothing of the joys of home and the love of kindred; yet the popular opinion relative to this matter has no foundation in truth. He was no more homeless than any other bachelor who lives in lodgings, or any foreign ambassador whose official duties compel him to reside in a house provided by the nation for his use. He was ardently loved by his brothers and sisters, and always welcome to share their home; but he preferred to live alone or where he could pursue his literary avocations in the solitude of his own apartments. He was often urged by his relatives to join their home, and, in fact, did live with his brother, Thatcher Payne, for many years after his return from his nineteen-years' residence abroad.

The following extract from a letter addressed to him by this devoted brother, under date of March 31, 1829, will show that he was always sure of a hearty welcome to a happy home whenever he chose to return to his native land:—

"I must confess, from past experience, that I dare not trust myself to believe that your plan of coming out here will be realized. I desire it, however, more than any other earthly thing; and only wish that my situation in life enabled me to make a voyage to England, and put you on board myself, and so secure you. As for a residence here, although my circumstances are far from brilliant, I shall always be able to treat you with a brother's hospitality. Come and share my lodgings and table with me, and we shall have enough to talk of for a year at least,—you in telling me all the details of your adventurous experience abroad, and I in explaining all the various changes at home."

To many who make literature their profession, and who live much of the time in an ideal world of their own creation, there come periods of discouragement and privation; and such, undoubtedly, was sometimes the fate of Mr. Payne; but he generally lived well, and in a way that was satisfactory to himself. During the first years of

his residence abroad he realized large sums of money from his dramatic performances; and, when he abandoned the stage as an actor, he found his pen a source of liberal income. At this period of his life, he lived not only comfortably but often luxuriously, and numbered among his intimate friends and associates some of the most distinguished authors, actors, and artists of the time.

Many of the stories current concerning the straits in which he sometimes found himself in consequence of his impecuniosity are purely fictitious, having been invented by that class of sensational writers who rely upon their imagination for incidents which they relate as absolute facts. Of course it is poetical to write of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," as a "homeless wanderer;" which he never was, except of his own free will, and by his own act.

His natural instincts were nomadic, and he was never so happy as when travelling in his

native land or in Europe. This taste for travel began with his early career as an actor, and the habit then formed clung to him through life.

He knew but little concerning the value of money, save as a means of supplying his immediate wants and of gratifying his refined literary and æsthetic tastes. Instead of saving a portion of his earnings, he would spend them lavishly in elegant living, in entertaining his associates, and in the purchase of books, pictures, and fancy articles for himself or for presentation to his friends.

As a natural result of his want of thrift he was sometimes in straitened circumstances, and obliged to appeal to his family or friends for money to relieve the necessities to which his extravagance had reduced him; and to such appeals there was always a ready response.

He was devotedly attached to his relatives; and during his last residence in Tunis there always stood open on a table in his room a

daguerreotype of his only surviving niece, before which his Mohammedan servant every morning made a salaam. To this niece, of whom he was remarkably fond, it must be a pleasure to remember her uncle with a smile on his face, and neither hungry nor cold; for, though the world may be slow to believe it, there were times when he was warm and well fed, full of fun, playing with her as a child, and well dressed, comfortable, and happy.

In the course of his career as a dramatic author, he wrote or translated, and adapted for the English stage, upwards of fifty plays, including tragedies, comedies, and melodramas, a few of which were the joint production of himself and Washington Irving. These pieces were popular in their time, and yielded him a comfortable living during his nineteen-years' residence in Europe.

The two productions of his pen which are destined to a permanent place in dramatic and poetic

literature are the tragedy of "Brutus," and the song of "Home, Sweet Home;" the one written when the voice of popular applause was ringing in his ears, and the other in a moment of depression and sadness when the remembrance of home and kindred came to him as a solace to his weary spirit.

FROM TUNIS TO WASHINGTON.

FROM TUNIS TO WASHINGTON.

And he shall rest where laurels wave,
And fragrant grasses twine :
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine ;
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

WILL CARLETON.

FOR many years after the death of John Howard Payne, it had been the wish of his few surviving friends, that his remains might be removed from their resting-place in the cemetery of St. George at Tunis, and re-interred in the soil of his native country, where his memory is so gratefully and fondly cherished ; but it re-

mained for Mr. William W. Corcoran, of Washington City, to take some decided action towards giving effect to a wish so often expressed.

As Mr. Corcoran was riding by the Ebbitt House in Washington, one day in the autumn of 1882, his ear was suddenly greeted by the music of "Home, Sweet Home," which the Marine Band was playing in honor of Lieut. Melville, of the ill-fated Arctic steamer "Jeannette," who had just reached Washington, and was a guest of the house before which it was stationed. As Mr. Corcoran listened to the plaintive air, which never fails to touch responsive chords in the breasts of all who hear it, his heart was moved by tender memories of the poet whose words have made it immortal, and his acquaintance with whom covered a period of nearly fifty years; and he that moment resolved that the project he had formed years before concerning the removal of Mr. Payne's remains to this country should at once be carried into effect.

After several ineffectual attempts to discover whether any of the relatives of the poet, whom he desired thus to honor, were still living, he addressed the following letter to the Secretary of State:—

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 14, 1882.

THE HON. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN,

Secretary of State.

Dear Sir,—I respectfully ask permission of the State Department to disinter the remains of our countryman John Howard Payne, which now rest in a grave near Tunis, in Africa, that they may receive more appropriate sepulture in the bosom of his native land.

Mr. Payne died, as is well known, in the service of the State Department, on the 9th of April, 1852, while acting as consul of the United States at Tunis; and I understand that a marble slab, erected by order of the Department, still marks the spot where his body was laid.

It has seemed to me that the precious dust of an American citizen, who sang so sweetly in praise of

"Home, Sweet Home," should not be left to mingle with any soil less dear to him than that of the land which gave him birth, and which, by the beauty of its home-life, gave to him his best poetical inspiration.

If you concur with me in this sentiment, I beg leave to say that I will, when favored with your official permission, charge myself with the duty of providing for the removal of his remains to this country, and on their arrival here will give to them a new and suitable resting-place in Oak-hill Cemetery, taking care, of course, to mark the spot with a monument which shall perpetuate in the eyes of his countrymen the name of the poet already embalmed in their hearts by his immortal lyric.

I ought to add, that I make this application to you because, as the honored head of the State Department, you seem to be the natural custodian of Mr. Payne's grave in Tunis. I am further induced to make this appeal to you, because, after careful inquiry, I am led to believe that Mr. Payne has now no descendant or collateral kindred to whom I could address a communication on the subject. In evidence of this fact,

I beg to invite your attention to the accompanying letters.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. W. CORCORAN.

The Secretary of State replied to Mr. Corcoran as follows:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

Oct. 21, 1882.

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., *Washington.*

Dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 14th instant, in which you ask the sanction and aid of this Department for your project of bringing to this country the remains of John Howard Payne, now interred at Tunis in Africa, and giving them appropriate sepulture in his native land.

Your proposal meets with my warm approbation, and I hasten to assure you of my readiness to do what I can in rendering fitting tribute to the memory of one whose touching verses have so endeared him to his countrymen.

In the absence of any present consular representative at Tunis, I have instructed Mr. Lowell to request the kindly assistance of the British Government in obtaining from the Government of the Regency of Tunis permission to exhume the remains of Mr. Payne, and in making the necessary arrangements to transport them to this country. I doubt not that this assistance will be cheerfully and effectively rendered. As soon as I receive Mr. Lowell's response, I will hasten to communicate it to you.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

FREDK. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

Before the publication of the above correspondence, Mr. Corcoran's intentions relative to the removal of the remains of Mr. Payne from Tunis to Washington had been announced by several correspondents of Northern journals; and, shortly afterwards, he received a letter from Mrs. Eloise E. Luquer, the only surviving niece of Mr. Payne, asking for information concerning the rumor relative to the proposed removal of

the remains of her uncle from Tunis; to which he replied as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1882.

MRS. ELOISE E. LUQUER,

Bedford Station, N.Y.

Dear Madam,— I duly received your favor of the 19th, but deferred an answer until I received from the Department of State a reply to my letter, in which I asked the permission and good offices of the Department in carrying out my desire to have Mr. Payne's remains removed to his native land, and placed in Oak-hill Cemetery, where I intend to have a simple monument, with a suitable inscription, placed over them.

My letter to the Department was written after unsuccessful efforts to find any of his relatives living, and I was not aware of any until the receipt of your favor of the 19th instant.

The Department has given its cordial assent to my request, and has already advised its agents abroad to facilitate the matter as far as they can.

I propose to give the mortal remains of your

distinguished relative a resting-place in a spot than which none more fitting and beautiful can be found; and it would afford me sincere gratification to have your assent and good-will, while I proceed in the execution of my desire; and, requesting your views in that behalf, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To this letter Mr. Corcoran received the following reply:—

BEDFORD STATION, N.Y., Nov. 7, 1882.

MR. WILLIAM W. CORCORAN.

Dear Sir,—I yield my consent to your most kind and generous wish in regard to my uncle, and am most grateful for the recognition of his talent, for the affectionate interest which prompts the recognition, and for the honor you propose to his memory by causing his remains to be placed among those of the nation's honored dead.

I feel your kindness sincerely, and am most

Gratefully yours,

ELOISE E. LUQUER.

Early in December, 1882, Mr. Corcoran was informed, by the following letter from the Secretary of State, that the British Government, through Earl Granville, H. B. M. Minister of Foreign Affairs, had instructed its representative at Tunis to afford all necessary assistance in the removal of the remains of Mr. Payne.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
Dec. 2, 1882.

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., *Washington, D.C.*

Sir, — Referring to the reply of this Department of the 21st of October last, to your letter of the 14th of that month, in relation to the removal of the remains of the American poet, John Howard Payne, from Tunis to this capital, I now have the pleasure of informing you that Mr. Lowell, having brought the subject to the attention of the British Government, received on the 16th ultimo a note from Earl Granville, in which his Lordship says that he has caused instructions to be addressed to Her Majesty's Consul-General at Tunis, in the sense indicated by Mr.

Lowell, and that the result of the action taken by the Consul will be duly communicated to the Legation at London.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FREDK. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

In February, 1883, the Secretary of State addressed the following letter to Mr. Corcoran, relative to the shipment of the remains to Marseilles:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
Feb. 8, 1883.

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., *Washington, D.C.*

Sir,—With reference to previous correspondence in regard to the removal of the remains of John Howard Payne from Tunis to this capital, I take pleasure in enclosing herewith for your information a copy of a recent despatch from Mr. Lowell, the American Minister at London, on the subject.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FREDK. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

[COPY.]

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, Jan. 12, 1883.

SIR, — Referring to my communication of the 2d instant, in relation to the removal of the remains of the late John Howard Payne to the United States, I have the honor to acquaint you that late in the evening of that day I received the following telegram from Mr. Davis, Assistant Secretary:—

“Have you received news from Tunis relative to Payne’s remains?”

I answered this by cable the next day as follows:—

“No direct news from Tunis. Lord Granville informed me yesterday he had telegraphed, Dec. 30, to Consul-General, instructions to comply with wishes transmitted in your despatch.”

On the 4th instant I received a further note from Lord Granville, dated on the 1st, stating that the Consul-General at Tunis had telegraphed on the 31st December, that the remains would be shipped to Marseilles on the 4th of January.

I immediately telegraphed this information to you as follows:—

“Lord Granville informs me, Consul-General, Tunis, has telegraphed, remains will be shipped 4th January, consigned to United-States Consul, Marseilles.”

I have received this morning another letter from his Lordship, with enclosures giving an account of the exhumation, and their shipment on board of the “Charles Quint,” to the care of Mr. Taylor, the Consul at Marseilles.

I enclose copies of such of this correspondence as has not already been transmitted.

I have written to Lord Granville an expression of my thanks for his courtesy, and that of the British officials at Tunis, in this matter.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. R. LOWELL.

[COPY.]

TUNIS, 6th January, 1883.

MY LORD,—I have the honor to report, that, pursuant to instructions expressed in your lordship's

telegram of the 30th ultimo, the remains of John Howard Payne were this day shipped on board the French steam-vessel "Charles Quint," to the consignment of Mr. Taylor, the United-States Consul at Marseilles.

Owing to the impossibility of complying with some of the formalities which under ordinary circumstances would have been strictly enforced, in connection with the exhumation of the body, and to my communications with the United-States Consulate at Malta, in the hope that some ship-of-war of that nation might be charged with its conveyance across the Atlantic, some delay occurred in the execution of the instructions with which I was, in the first instance, honored by your lordship.

As stated in my telegram of the 30th ultimo, I had arranged to ship the remains two days ago; but in order to allow of the arrival of the United-States Consul at Malta, who had expressed a wish to be present at their disinterment, the shipment did not take place until this morning.

I beg, in conclusion, to enclose a copy of the act executed on the occasion of the exhumation of those

remains, and of my despatch to the United-States Consul at Marseilles announcing their shipment to his address.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. READE.

[COPY.]

TUNIS, Jan. 6, 1883.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you, that, conformably with the instructions of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I this day shipped on board the French steam-vessel "Charles Quint," and to your consignment at Marseilles, a case containing three coffins—two being of wood, and one of lead—the innermost of which contains the remains of John Howard Payne, the distinguished poet and dramatist of your nation, who died in this city on the 9th of April, 1852, while serving his country in the capacity of consul.

The exhumation of those remains took place yesterday, with all the required formalities; Mr. Worthing-

ton, the United-States Consul at Malta, being among those who were present on the occasion.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. READE.

HORACE A. TAYLOR, ESQ.,
United-States Consul, Marseilles.

[COPY OF THE ACT EXECUTED ON THE OCCASION OF THE EX-
HUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.]

TUNIS, Jan. 5, 1883.

In pursuance of instructions which, at the request of the Government of the United States of America, have been communicated to the English representative in this country by Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the exhumation, prior to removal to the United States, of the remains of J. H. Payne, the distinguished citizen and poet, who died at Tunis, on the 9th of April, 1852, while serving his country as consul, took place this day in the presence of Thomas Fellows Reade, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul General, and the following officers and gentlemen: Dr. F. Arpa,

Her Majesty's Consul, and Judge ; John Worthington, Esq., United-States Consul at Malta ; Mr. M. Pisani, British Proconsul ; Dr. G. E. Pratz, M.D. ; Dr. Achille Perini, M.D. ; Commander W. M. Bridger, R.N. ; Mr. G. Carbonaro ; and Mr. Alf. M. Camilleri, LL.D. ; and with all the formalities required by law.

In testimony of which, the undersigned have hereto subscribed their names, in the Protestant Cemetery of St. George, at Tunis, this fifth day of January, 1883.

THOS. F. READE,

H. M.'s Agent and Consul-General.

F. ARPA,

H. M.'s Consul, and Judge.

JOHN WORTHINGTON,

U. S. Consul at Malta.

M. PISANI,

British Proconsul.

DR. G. E. PRATZ,

Medecin de S. A. le Bey de Tunis.

DR. ACHILLE PERINI,

Medecin de Police de S. A. le Bey.

W. M. BRIDGER, R.N.

G. CARBONARO.

AVO^{TE} ALF. M. CAMILLERI.

[COPY.]

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, Jan. 12, 1883.

MY LORD,—I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of Mr. Currie's note on behalf of your Lordship of the 11th instant, with its enclosures stating the fact of the exhumation of the remains of the late John Howard Payne, at Tunis, and their shipment to the care of the United-States Consul at Marseilles, agreeably to the request of my Government; and I beg to express my most sincere thanks for your Lordship's courtesy in this matter, and for the promptness, delicacy, and efficiency with which Her Majesty's Consul-General at Tunis, and other British officials, have conducted this transaction.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

J. R. LOWELL.

Pursuant to arrangements indicated in the foregoing correspondence, the remains of Mr. Payne were exhumed Jan. 5, 1883, as described

in the following letter from the U. S. Consul at Malta; and on the following day were conveyed to Marseilles, and placed on board the steamship "Burgundia" for transportation to New York.

TUNIS, Jan. 5, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Learning that the body of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was to be exhumed from its grave in Tunis, and sent to America, at the expense of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington; and learning, too, that probably not any American would be present,—I resolved to take a run over to Tunis, and, if possible, get there in time to witness the disinterment.

I had written and telegraphed Mr. Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General at Tunis, asking him to inform me on what day the exhumation would occur; he replying, "On Wednesday, the 3d inst." As no steamer would leave Malta for Tunis (after the receipt of Mr. Reade's telegram) until noon of the 3d inst., I had doubts whether I would be able to reach Tunis in time, particularly as my steamer would not arrive

at Tunis till Thursday, the 4th inst.; but fortunately, upon reaching this place, and calling upon Mr. Reade, I found the exhumation had not taken place, but would occur to-day at 10 A.M. You can imagine how glad I was then that I had chanced coming, and that Mrs. Worthington had accompanied me. Of course I did not come in an official capacity, but simply as an American citizen, who could not bear the idea that the body of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" (once a distinguished United-States Consul at Tunis, who died and was buried there in 1852) should be taken from its grave, and sent to its native land, and not one of his countrymen be present. Hence I came.

This morning, at 12 M., the exhumation took place, in the presence of about twenty persons,—a few being Tunisians attracted to the spot through curiosity, the others being laborers employed, and a few gentlemen acting as witnesses at the request of Mr. Reade. I also signed the paper as a witness that the exhumation took place as stated. There were two persons present who were at the funeral and interment of Payne; i.e., M. Pisani and a dragoman.

The coffin was badly decayed, and was kept from

falling apart, when raised, with difficulty; but everything relating to the remains was scrupulously and reverently preserved and handled. There was little else than the blackened skeleton left. Traces of the colonel's uniform, in which Payne was buried, were distinguishable,—some gold-lace and a few buttons. I asked for a button, which was given me, and which I enclose to you. Mr. Reade also retains a button. I likewise enclose a twig from the large pepper-tree that is growing at the head of the now empty grave; this twig having fallen on the coffin, from which I took it.

At three o'clock, after the body had been put in its lead coffin and soldered, and then into its hardwood coffin, and then its outer box, it was brought to the little Protestant church, where it will rest to-night under guard, and to-morrow morning be taken to a vessel leaving for Marseilles in the afternoon.

I will add that I tried, unsuccessfully, to procure a band to play Payne's immortal song as his remains should leave the *marina* of Tunis; but not any could play "Home, Sweet Home," although I had the words and notes with me. However, as the body was brought into the chapel, an English captain,

Bridger, played a dirge on the little American organ there, after which Mrs. Worthington sang "Home, Sweet Home," very sweetly; and then we all came away, leaving the poor body lying under the memorial window in the chancel, which a few large-hearted Englishmen had put in there in tender and gracious memory of one they loved and honored, not alone for his authorship of the most touching of all songs, but for the half melancholy and wholly beautiful character of the man himself.

If you care to show this letter to Mr. Corcoran, you can do so, giving him the pepper branch. It strikes me that Americans cannot too warmly thank and honor Mr. Corcoran for this most thoughtful and patriotic deed of his. That Payne should at last sleep in the land of his own Sweet Home, must be a gratifying thought to all his countrymen.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN WORTHINGTON.

SEVELLON A. BROWN, ESQ.,

Department of State.

The following graphic narrative is furnished by a correspondent of "The New-York Tribune:" —

"Yesterday, at ten o'clock A.M., I went to the not unattractive and decidedly neat Protestant Cemetery of St. George, situated on high, wall-surrounded ground within the city. I was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of this God's-acre, as I had read in American newspapers that Payne's grave was a neglected one, in a neglected burial-ground. On the contrary, the grounds were planted with flourishing and fragrant rose-bushes, splendid clumps of heliotropes, and hedges of brilliant carnation pinks and geraniums, while the walks were clean and smooth, and the stones and monuments snowy white in the morning sun. I should think the enclosure contained about an acre, and almost in the centre of it was the grave of Payne. At the head of the grave was standing a large and beautiful pepper-tree, branches of which bent tenderly and droopingly over the tomb. This, the finest and noblest tree in the place, was planted by one of Payne's truest and best friends in Tunis,—M. Chappellié, who was present at the death and interment of the poet. From M. Chappellié, and also Mr. Reade the British Consul, under whose directions the disinterment took place, I learned much of Payne's last

days and sickness. The narrative of them is a painful one. Let it suffice if I write what I heard touchingly and heartily said by the two or three gentlemen present at the exhumation, who had familiarly known Payne,—that his character through disappointments, fancied loneliness, and long brooding, had become of a sad, soft, and delicate melancholy, that was, while gentle and pitiful, at the same time most winning and beautiful. His illness was a long and painful one; but he had most faithful and loving friends in M. Chappellié, M. Pisani, Mr. Reade, Mme. Chappellié (an American-born lady with an American heart), and a certain (now old) Arab dragoman, whose attachment to the poet was deep and sincere. I saw this honest man at the exhumation, wearing his Arab costume, believing in the Mahometan religion, but full of Christ-like humanity. The Europeans present at the grave on this sunny Friday morning were about a dozen in number; several Arab gentlemen being also on the ground, in their rich and picturesque dress and turbans.

“The coffin was reached by the workmen at about twelve o’clock, and was carefully lifted and placed on

the broad marble slab which for thirty years had covered it, and which bears the following inscription:—

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

[Shield and Eagle.]

In memory

of

COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE:

twice Consul of

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

for

THE CITY AND KINGDOM OF TUNIS,

this stone is here placed

by a grateful country.

HE DIED AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE

IN THIS CITY, AFTER A TEDIOUS ILLNESS,

APRIL 1ST, 1852.

HE WAS BORN AT THE CITY OF BOSTON,

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,

JUNE 8TH, 1792.

HIS FAME AS A POET AND DRAMATIST

IS WELL KNOWN WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

IS SPOKEN, THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED BALLAD

of

"HOME, SWEET HOME:"

AND HIS POPULAR TRAGEDY

OF "BRUTUS," &C., AND OTHER SIMILAR PRODUCTIONS.

"On the four edges of this slab is also carved:—

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said,
'Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home!

"The coffin was badly rotted in spite of the care taken by United-States Consul Fish, who several months ago incased it in cement for its better preservation. A little, thread-like root of the pepper-tree had made its way into the grave and coffin, and was just about to pass across the forehead. Some of our mother earth had got in the coffin, and mingled with the bones. The whole skeleton was obtained, and laid reverently in a new coffin, which was covered with lead, soldered and sealed. This was then placed in a neat, native hard-wood coffin, which was secured by locks and keys; all then being put in the strong, iron-bound outside box, which bore the address, 'To U.S. Consul Taylor, Marseilles, France.'

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, the body was taken to the small and simple Protestant church, and placed near the pretty little chancel window, on which

are inscribed these words: 'To the memory of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."'

"This window was made in England, and placed here by a few English-speaking residents of Tunis, whose admiration and respect for Payne were decided and sincere. Indeed, I found among the poet's friends an affectionate regard that was akin to enthusiasm. They grieved to lose the sacred bones that had lain here for thirty long years, the object of their loving and ceaseless care. When the body was carried into the church, an English gentleman at the little American-made organ played the air, and a sweet-voiced American lady sang the immortal song of the dead poet; and as the tender words tremulously floated through and filled the holy place, hearts swelled, eyes were suffused, and 'a charm from the skies seemed to hallow us there.'

"Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the effect of that song sung under the circumstances stated. The gloaming of the coming evening had crept into the chapel; and the 'dim religious light' that Payne's poetic temperament could have understood and absorbed bathed all, both living and dead, in its mellow radi-

ance. The twilight came on apace ; and we left the poor remains to lie there until the morrow, guarded by the faithful dragoman who in life, as in death, was stanch and faithful to the last.

“To-day the body was taken to the *marina*, and put aboard a boat, rowed down the bay and out into the open sea, where it was received on the French steamer, which soon after was *en route* to Marseilles. Thus John Howard Payne left Tunis to be re-buried in the land he loved, to sleep henceforth under the flag he served so well ; not again, it is to be hoped, to be disturbed, but to lie dreamless and tranquil in the soil of his own Home, Sweet Home. Mr. Reade’s admirable management of the exhumation, and compliance with every wish and instruction of the United States Government in the matter, cannot be too highly commended.”

The remains of John Howard Payne¹ arrived in New York on the 22d of March, 1883, by the steamer “Burgundia,” of the Fabre line, from

¹ For the accounts which follow, the author is mainly indebted to descriptions which appeared in journals of New York and Washington.

Marseilles. They were met at the pier in Brooklyn by Aldermen Wait, Duffy, Kirk, Fitzpatrick, and De Lacy, who were appointed an honorary committee for that purpose by the Board of Aldermen, and by Mr. Charles M. Matthews and Lieut. Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. Navy, who came from Washington as representatives of Mr. W. W. Corcoran. The coffin, covered with the American flag, was borne from the vessel between two long rows of spectators, who stood with heads reverently uncovered, to a hearse in waiting on the pier, which was drawn by four white horses draped with black. Followed by the carriages containing the members of the committee, the hearse proceeded solemnly over Fulton Ferry, up Fulton Street to Broadway, and to the front of the City Hall, where several thousand persons, including most of the city officers, were gathered. All stood with bared heads as the coffin, still covered with the American colors, was borne into the hall and to the

Governor's Room on the second floor. Here the remains lay in state until the afternoon of the following day, during which time upwards of twelve thousand persons passed by the coffin in which they were enclosed.

The entrance to the Governor's Room was draped with black, and folds of velvet trimmed with heavy gold bullion. The windows facing the park, and the two side entrances, were hung with festoons of black cloth to which were attached mourning wreaths. All the flags on the City Hall were at half-mast, and so continued until the departure of the remains for Washington. From the opening of the doors till the removal of the body, the line of persons who slowly passed by was almost continuous.

Early in the afternoon Mr. Gabriel Harrison, one of Payne's biographers, by whose exertions a beautiful monument was, in 1873, erected to the memory of the poet in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, laid a wreath of immortelles on the coffin. A

lady who noticed this expression of affectionate remembrance took a red rose from a bunch of flowers at her throat, and dropped it within the wreath.

Before the removal of the coffin from the City Hall, Mr. Charles M. Matthews, representing Mr. William W. Corcoran, called upon Mayor Edson in his office, and expressed the thanks of Mr. Corcoran for the public notice of the arrival of the remains in New York. He also visited President Reilly of the Board of Aldermen, for the same purpose.

At four o'clock Gilmore's Band of sixty-five pieces played "Home, Sweet Home," at the head of the coffin, Mr. Gilmore leading. The simple air came out with fulness and expression, and almost without variation. By this time a throng had gathered in and around the City Hall, packing the Governor's Room and the corridors, lining the steps, and occupying nearly all of the broad plaza. Then the band descended

to the steps, and played a dirge as the coffin was borne to the hearse which was waiting. Mr. Matthews and Lieut. Nicholson followed the coffin; and after them came the Committee of the Board of Aldermen, other city officials, and residents, who had been in the Governor's Room. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Old Hundred," and "Home, Sweet Home," again were played, the latter as the coffin was carried down the steps. As the hearse drove away, the band played "The Star-spangled Banner;" and as the procession passed out of sight, "Home, Sweet Home" was again repeated. Twelve carriages followed the hearse, which was drawn by four white horses with funeral trappings, and preceded by a platoon of twenty-four police.

The procession moved up Broadway, to Canal Street, and through West Street, to the Desbrosses-street Ferry. An immense concourse of people stood on the sidewalks of the streets through which it passed, and on the North

River the flags on the shipping and at the ferry-houses were at half-mast.

As the procession moved up Broadway, it passed by the very building in which Mr. Payne packed his trunks thirty-two years before, and from which he walked, unattended, to the ship which was to bear him forever from his native land.

A compartment car, which had been kindly furnished by President Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was waiting on the track close to the ferry-house. The coffin was left on the floor of the car, the flag covering it, and the wreath of immortelles lying at its foot. The Committee then left the remains in the care of the representatives of Mr. Corcoran. The car was then attached to the train, which at nine o'clock departed for Washington, and reached that city early in the morning of Saturday, March twenty-fourth.

Mr. Corcoran having expressly desired that

no ceremonies should attend the arrival, there was no one at the depot but himself, and the undertaker who was commissioned to take the remains in charge. During their passage from New York to Washington, they were in the care of Mr. Charles M. Matthews, Lieut. Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. Navy, and Mr. Sevellon A. Brown of the Department of State.

The coffin containing the remains was taken to the hearse in waiting, followed by Mr. Corcoran and his representatives, who accompanied it to Oak Hill, Georgetown, and saw it deposited in the cemetery chapel.

THE LAST FUNERAL RITES.



is invited to be present at the ceremonies attending the winterment of the remains of

John Howard Payson,

at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Saturday: Three ninth, eighteen hundred & eighty three, at five o'clock. P. M.

Ernest Edmunds.

P. H. Kinsman.

St. Mylo.

2000

2. 10. 1944.

Genl. Hermann.

1891

Ed. B. Davis.

William L. Barber,

A. D. H. Givens.

17. 18.

Judge Linn.

1891. 1892.

. 11. 74. 5010.

J. C. McMillan.

THE LAST FUNERAL RITES.

The passing breath of foolish praise or pity
Nature forgets, and well may disregard;
But to the silence of her sacred city
Receives the bust and ashes of her bard.

Here rest, O restless and far-wandered mortal,
Laid in thy native earth no more to roam!
Dost hear, glad spirit at the heavenly portal,
What loving voices sing thee "Home, Sweet Home"?

JOHN SAVARY

THE remains of John Howard Payne were
consigned to their final resting-place in Oak
Hill Cemetery, at Georgetown, with impressive
and appropriate ceremonies, on the afternoon of
June 9, 1883, the ninety-second anniversary of
his birth. A fitting and beautiful monument

had previously been erected over his tomb by Mr. William W. Corcoran; and the proceedings were in charge of the following Committee of Arrangements: James C. Welling, LL.D., Chairman, Mr. Charles M. Matthews, Secretary, Hon. James B. Edmonds, Mr. Samuel H. Kauffmann, Mr. Anthony Hyde, Gen. W. T. Sherman, U.S. Army, Mr. Edward Clark, Mr. Sevellon A. Brown, Mr. F. B. McGuire, Admiral David D. Porter, U.S. Navy, Mr. S. V. Niles, Hon. W. S. Cox, Col. Richard D. Cutts, Mr. Matthew W. Galt.

The pageantry of the funeral procession, and the impressive ceremonies of the occasion were a tribute to the genius of a poet beloved throughout the world for his one little song that appeals to the heart of every civilized creature.

With the solemn strains of funeral dirges, the echoing peals of minute-guns, the measured tramp of martial columns, and a distinguished

following of notable men, representing all honorable walks of life, the funeral procession passed through the streets of the national capital to the silent resting-place of the dead. All the pomp and circumstance of human grandeur contributed to this final honor paid by the living to the dead. The government was represented by its Chief Executive and his council of constitutional advisers; by the occupants of the bench of its judiciary; by members of both houses of Congress; by numerous representatives of the army and navy, and by members of the diplomatic corps.

The array of prominent government officials, and representatives of foreign powers; the presence of the military, and the throngs of citizens, gave the demonstration a national character that marked it as the tribute of the entire nation.

The procession was formed at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in which the remains lay in state the preceding night. The military and the civil-

ians began to gather some time before the appointed hour, which was four o'clock. The remains, enclosed in a handsome casket, were placed in a hearse which had been especially built for the occasion. It was a square-finished vehicle, with plate-glass walls, surmounted by six urns, and was drawn by four white horses. As the casket was borne from the building, preceded by the honorary pall-bearers, the United-States Marine Band played "Home, Sweet Home."

THE PROCESSION.

The procession moved from the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at four o'clock P.M., *via* Pennsylvania Avenue, Bridge, Congress, and Road Streets, to the Cemetery, in the following column of march:—

CHIEF MARSHAL

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. R. B. AYRES, U.S.A.

AIDES: LIEUTS. GEO. MITCHELL, SEBASTIAN SMITH, AND LOTUS NILES (2D ARTILLERY), U.S.A.

AIDES: MESSRS. HARRISON H. DODGE, ROBT. S. CHENW.

BAND.

THE LAST FUNERAL RITES.

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THE NATIONAL RIFLES, COL. J. O. P. BURNSIDE.

THE UNION VETERAN CORPS, CAPT. S. E. THOMASON.

LIGHT BATTERY (2D ARTILLERY), CAPT. JOHN I. ROGERS, U.S.A.

BAND.

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY CORPS, COL. W. G. MOORE.

BAND.

ARTILLERY BATTALION (2D ARTILLERY), COL. L. L. LANGDON, U.S.A.

THE OFFICIATING CLERGY.

HEARSE BEARING REMAINS

OF

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Ball-Struck.

GEN. J. G. PARKER, U.S.A.

COM. W. G. TEMPLE, U.S.N.

HON. CLAYTON McMICHAEL.

GABRIEL HARRISON, ESQ.

Ball-Struck.

COL. THOS. L. CASEY, U.S.A.

HON. WILLIAM A. MAURY.

PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD.

MAJ. A. S. NICHOLSON, U.S.M.C.

THE RELATIVES OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

THE POET OF THE DAY.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET.

MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

• THE CHIEF-JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE U.S.,

CLERK AND MARSHAL.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE D.C.,

CLERK AND MARSHAL.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICE AND JUDGES OF THE U.S. COURT OF CLAIMS, AND ITS CLERK.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AND SECRETARY.

MR. CORCORAN AND HIS FAMILY.

THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

The relatives of Mr. Payne in the procession were the Rev. Lea Luquer and wife, of Bedford Station, N. Y.; the latter being a niece of the poet, and the only surviving member of her father's family.

All along the route the people had gathered to witness the splendid and imposing funeral pageant. The sidewalks were thronged and the windows filled with eager spectators, who uncovered their heads as the procession passed.

Before the procession reached Oak Hill, the holders of tickets had begun to arrive, and take their positions on the platform which had been built around the monument.

The site of the monument is one of great natural beauty, near the main entrance to the cemetery, and about midway on the lawn between the fountain and the chapel. The shaft is of white Carrara marble, resting on a base of gray granite six feet square, and surmounted by a bust of Mr. Payne one-half larger than life



MONUMENT ERECTED BY MR. WILLIAM W. CORCORAN,
OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

size. The face of the bust is turned towards the east. It represents with great fidelity the poet as he appeared in mature life.

The inscriptions and designs on the shaft are simple. On the front is the following inscription:—

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Author of "Home, Sweet Home."
Born June 9, 1792.
Died April 10, 1852.

On the back is the following inscription, which was on the tombstone that marked his grave in Tunis.

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said,
'Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home!'"

This was written by Mr. Robert S. Chilton (the author of the poem which was read on the present occasion) when he heard of Payne's death. On the sides are medallions in relief:

one bears a lyre, enclosed in a wreath of laurel; the other an open scroll, crossed by a pen, surrounded by a wreath of palms. By the side of the monument rests the marble slab which formerly covered the grave of the poet in Tunis.

The following gentlemen acted as ushers at the cemetery:—

LIEUT. CHARLES W. RAE, ENGINEER CORPS, U. S. NAVY.

ENSIGN C. G. TALCOTT, ENGINEER CORPS, U. S. NAVY.

LIEUT. R. F. NICHOLSON, U. S. NAVY.

MR. WASHINGTON F. PEDDRICK.

MR. WALTER T. WHEATLEY.

MR. P. LEE PHILLIPS.

MR. JOHN C. POOR.

MR. LOUIS E. BEALL.

MR. DANIEL LEECH.

MR. JAY COOKE.

MR. ANDREW H. ALLEN.

MR. JOHN J. CHEW.

From the moment that the gate to the cemetery was opened, until long after the hour appointed for the ceremonies, throngs of distinguished people poured into the grounds. When the platforms were filled, the scene presented



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

From the original painting by J. W. Jarvis, now in the possession of
the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

was as rare as it was impressive. The gray stone chapel presented a sombre background to the picture made by the expectant crowd, waiting for the first sounds of the coming procession. It also gave a solemn, religious tone to the occasion, and was a vivid contrast to the bright and gay foreground of the picture. The fronts of the stands for the invited guests and the musicians were draped in the American colors. Dark blue bunting covered the front of the speaker's stand, over which the British and American flags were festooned. In the centre hung the portrait of Payne painted by Jarvis when the original was but nineteen years of age. It was a present to Mr. Corcoran from the Hon. Gilmore Meredith of Baltimore. The floral frame surrounding this picture was a work of great beauty. The inner border was formed by carnations, then a row of pansies, then a row of beautiful Maréchal Neil roses, forming the apex of the frame. The outer border was made of

brilliant Jacqueminot roses. At each extremity of the flags, at the upper corners of the platform, was a shield containing a crescent and star, suggesting Tunis, with which Mr. Payne's name is forever connected. On the left or west side, were seated the singers, about one hundred members of the Philharmonic Society, and the Marine Band in their showy uniforms of red with white helmets. Upon the front of this platform, ample accommodations were provided for the representatives of the press. On the east side, a large platform for the general public afforded seats for two thousand people. A large space surrounding the platforms was roped in, and probably two or three thousand people, who were unable to obtain seats, gained positions inside the enclosure.

Among those on the platforms were the President of the United States; the Honorable Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior; the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War; the

Honorable Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State; the Honorable Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; General William T. Sherman, U. S. Army; Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. Army; the Rev. Lea Luquer and wife; Mr. William W. Corcoran and his three grandchildren (William Corcoran Eustis, George Peabody Eustis, and Louise Morris Eustis); the Honorable James G. Blaine and wife; the Honorable George B. Loring; the Honorable Samuel Shellabarger; Dr. W. W. Godding; J. O. Wilson, Esq.; Brigadier-General W. B. Hazen, U. S. Army; Dr. James F. Hartigan; the Honorable R. T. Merrick; Dr. Grafton Tyler; Dr. Smith Townshend; Dr. Robert Reyburn and Miss Kate Reyburn; the Rev. Albert R. Stuart; A. M. Bliss, Esq.; and the Honorable Josiah Dent.

The setting of this scene in the cemetery combined some of the finest effects of natural beauty. A cluster of tall oaks dotted the lawn; and their long, luxuriant arms, tossed high in

the air, formed a lace-work of living green, through which the rays of the declining sun sent golden shafts of light. In front lay the cool velvety stretches of lawn running up to the high fence, covered with graceful festoons of growing vines. In the rear the ground sloped steeply down to the valley of Rock Creek; and amid the trees and luxuriant shrubbery could be seen the gleaming white shafts and stones marking the resting-places of the silent sleepers in this city of the dead.

When the procession reached the cemetery, the coffin, a metallic casket covered with white silk, and having elaborate silver handles, was carried by the pall-bearers inside the grounds, and laid upon a bier at the side of the monument. It rested upon a bed of evergreens and flowers. At the head rested a wreath surmounted by a crown; at the foot lay an anchor; while in the centre was a simple wreath of white flowers, inscribed "From a Friend."

THE ORDER OF EXERCISES.

The order of exercises was as follows:—

Music—Mosaic, "Lohengrin," R. Wagner; Marine Band, J. P. Sousa, conductor.

The Rev. William A. Leonard, D.D., rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., then read portions of the Holy Scriptures, at the direction of the Bishop, being Gen. xxiii. 3-11, l. 24-26; 1 Cor. xv. 50-58; as follows:—

And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying,

I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.

And the children of Heth answered Abraham, saying unto him,

Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead.

And Abraham stood up, and bowed himself to the people of the land, even to the children of Heth.

And he communed with them, saying, If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight; hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar,

That he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me for a possession of a burying-place amongst you.

And Ephron dwelt among the children of Heth: and Ephron the Hittite answered Abraham in the audience of the children of Heth, even of all that went in at the gate of his city, saying,

Nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee: bury thy dead.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.

So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?

The sting of death *is* sin ; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

These selections from the Scriptures were read in a very impressive manner, and listened to with the deepest attention by the large audience. At the conclusion of the reading, the Philharmonic Society rendered the requiem, "Blest are the Departed," from Spohr's "Last Judgment;" Mr. R. C. Bernays acting as conductor, and Mr. R. W. Middleton as organist.

POEM.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Robert S. Chilton, Esq., of Washington, was then read by its author:—

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The exile hath returned, and now at last
In kindred earth his ashes shall repose : —
Fit recompense for all his weary past,
That here the scene should end, the drama close.

Here, where his own loved skies o'erarch the spot,
And where familiar trees their branches wave ;
Where the dear home-born flowers he ne'er forgot
Shall bloom, and shed their dew upon his grave.

Will not the wood-thrush, pausing in her flight,
Carol more sweetly o'er this place of rest?
Here linger longest in the fading light,
Before she seeks her solitary nest?

Not his the lofty lyre, but one whose strings
Were gently touched to soothe our human kind, —
Like the mysterious harp that softly sings,
Swept by the unseen fingers of the wind.

The homesick wanderer in a distant land,
Listening his song, hath known a double bliss, —
Felt the warm pressure of a father's hand,
And, seal of seals ! a mother's sacred kiss.

In humble cottage, as in hall of state,
His truant fancy never ceased to roam
O'er backward years; and—irony of fate!—
Of home he sang who never found a home!—

Not even in death, poor wanderer, till now;
For long his ashes slept in alien soil.
Will they not thrill to-day, as round his brow
A fitting wreath is twined with loving toil?

Honor and praise be his whose generous hand
Brought the sad exile back, no more to roam,—
Back to the bosom of his own loved land,
Back to his kindred, friends, his own Sweet Home!

At the conclusion of the poem, the veil that had hitherto covered the monument was withdrawn. As the graceful lines of the beautiful shaft were slowly disclosed, a burst of admiration came from the spectators. Resting on the monument in front was a wreath of laurel, moss, and palmetto, sent by Mrs. M. A. Snowden of Charleston, S.C.

The applause which greeted the unveiling of



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the monument was followed by a moment of silence, during which the audience gazed intently on the marble shaft, and the features of the poet surmounting it. Then "Home, Sweet Home," was sung by the Philharmonic Society. It was a grand and appropriate tribute to the departed poet, when the vast audience arose and joined in the fourth stanza of the song. As the notes slowly died away, by a most beautiful coincidence the sun, which had been vainly struggling to show itself between the clouds, at last succeeded, and cast its beams upon the coffin, and the monument just unveiled.

ORATION.

Mr. Leigh Robinson, a member of the Washington bar, then delivered the following oration:—

Few stories are more appealing than the current one, which I have seen ascribed to Howard Payne's own lips,—that when his ventures, theatrical and

literary, had proved failures, in a pecuniary sense at least, he was wandering one night in the streets of London, sick at heart, and with the sense of present evil sharpened by the acquaintance with better days, which throbbed and darted through him, and would not be forgot, sank down finally on the front steps of a nobleman's mansion, and between the entrance-lamps wrote the first draught of "Home, Sweet Home." Later on, under the blue sky of Italy, surrounded by the foliage, the flowers and the birds, the light and fragrance, which make scenery soft, warm, and musical, and those who dwell therein and look thereon, his ear was caught one morning by a flower-girl's sweet melody. Suddenly that which had been fragmentary combined and took shape. He mixed the music with his thought, adapted the air he had just heard to the words he had lately written, dotted down the notes in his memorandum-book, and thenceforward bore in his hands the harp of home. The thought was born musical: its natural utterance was song. Once more the soul of a song had found its body, the heart of man a voice.

Payne's career was the unhappy one of disappoint-

ment; a history of baffled aims; a life nowise proportioned to boyish promise and precocity, but rather the melancholy non-fulfilment thereof. Nor can it be said that his way was more beset with difficulty than that of many a man, who, in the hard encounter with the obduracy of his lot, has known how to throw into the doubtful scale the sword of a persistent will. Payne had all that was needful to start him fairly: first and foremost, a boy's best blessing, parents entitled to his love; a sweet lap of virtuous manners; a home, we may well believe, imbued with the "plain living and high thinking" of that early day. Outside of his home, he was a praised and petted boy, *protégé* of editors and authors, popular and precocious, and precociously fond of the stage. Partly, it may be, to repress this longing, a desk in a counting-house was the portion first assigned him. But friends of the bright boy, won by his charms, resolve that he shall have the advantage of a college training. In the heyday of youth, as in the corruption of the grave, philanthropy has loved him. And now we have the old, old story, of natural parts and aptitude for shining, irksomeness of college rules, impatience of re-

strait and admonition, even that of his benefactors. Then follow in swift succession a mother's death, a father's bankruptcy. The ill wind, which smote the four corners of his father's house, blew him the questionable good of a reluctant permission to pursue his bent. The alternative lay between, on one side, the busy and the beaten track, a life of labor, probably obscure, at all events monotonous; and, on the other, a life of pleasing activity and variety, before which spread itself the applause of multitudes, perchance the smile of fortune on her favorite. The muse of his fancy was the muse of his adoption. That which had been his stolen satisfaction was now his serious life. He entered what was for him a garden of enchantment. The plaudit of friends from the gallery to the ground was there to welcome him.

I am told that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, than whom no one is more competent to speak, says that the best thing which can befall a man who has the making of an actor in him is to fail at the outset. It seems to me a saying worthy of acceptance on more stages than one. For a man is thus brought face to face with his own deficiency when he can best amend it,

—the obstinate fact which fronts him, and will front him, till it subdues him or is subdued. In a word, a man is thus forced to front reality, which surely should be essential to the calling which has for its province the imitation of reality. Many a man has been stung to the victory to which favor had never lifted him. Perhaps it had been well for Payne if, at this time, adversity had been stirred more freely in his cup, and from its dregs, the primer of greatness in every school, he had drawn its desperate force. It happened otherwise. Life betrayed him with its kiss.

Let us not underrate, then, as possibly Payne did, the career which he now set before himself, and for which he seems to have had a fair endowment. As it was said of Leibnitz, that he drove all the sciences abreast, so it may be said of the stage, that all the arts are tributary to it. To create before the foot-lights a little world, which shall be the successful mimicry of the great and universal theatre; to picture there in miniature the perplexities and passions of man's life, — his laughter and his tears; by the illusions of sense and sound, the poet's, the painter's,

the musician's art, by the expressiveness of countenance and gesture, to throw upon the stage a form which shall be the glass of life, a voice which shall be its echo; by the very body to figure thought,—is a field of labor wide enough for the widest, and the widest has labored in it. The greatest word ever spoken in English literature floated, swan-like, from the boards of the Globe Theatre. To be the poet of representation is not a small art, but a great one. It is the art by which the word of genius is made flesh.

With every fascination and prepossession of youth upon his side, the charm of the social circle, the prodigy of the intellectual, with an engaging manner and person, a bell-like voice, a good ear, and, above all, the quick sense of beauty, Payne sallied forth to sway the sceptre of the stage. Fondled by the fond many from Boston to Charleston in his native land, his native land grew insufficient for him. Ambition whispered that on the ampler theatre of the English stage he might snatch a nobler laurel. He arrived in time to witness there the advent of the elder Booth, who, as it seems to me, with a wiser discrim-

ination, saw in America, rather than in Europe, the field for rising genius. He was present the first night of the return of Mrs. Siddons to the stage, and beheld the majesty of those powers, which, even in the dry tree, were challenged solely by the glorious blossom of their earlier stem. The friend of Washington Irving obtained swift access to the first literary and dramatic circles. With no undue diffidence he flung himself against Kean and Kemble, in the arena of those triumphs which had made each "a stately hieroglyphic of humanity." He achieved laudation, the promise of distinction; not distinction itself, and not success. Other things in this unyielding world go to the make-up of success, besides the most sweet voices and the most applauding palms. Payne never did command, but had always to conciliate, his theatre. All credit should be given him, however, for the celerity and cheery heart with which he now bent himself to that series of translations, adaptations, compositions, dramatic, operatic, tragedy, comedy and farce, numbering some forty-nine in all, which consumed the best years of his life.

It is always a pathetic spectacle, the conflict of

taste, talent, and sensibility, the striving and pursuing of the beating heart and proud honor of ingenuous youth, with the iron world of business; the encounter of the porcelain with the earthen vase, in that flood of destinies which we call human life. It is so hard for the endowed and admired one to realize that over and against him is the jealous eye which is ever turned on insecure and unestablished strength; that his house, like the temple at Jerusalem, must be builded with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other; that his various gifts and graces are scanned as coldly as ever slave upon the block by the spirit of trade, which stands there not for sentiment but bargain. Payne's versatile struggle through all these years of disappointment, deception, and undeception, is to me the flutter of the bird against his bars, trying all in turn and all in vain.

Thus it came to pass that middle life stole upon him, and found him not unfriended, indeed, but undemanded and unavailing. In all that made life beautiful and noble to him, failure was his familiar voice. He was one who had crossed swords with the world, and had not overcome. The fight of life which had

been woven for him, which in so great a measure he had woven for himself, had left him among the slain. In that flood of destiny in which he plunged so ambitiously, the hammer of destiny had shivered his ambition. His life was in ashes before he was forty. The enchanted garden he had hied him to, so swiftly and so gladly, shut its gates in his face; and when he turned to the future, it was to that future of the defeated, whose very veil is of stone. And now, when his heart was even more bankrupt than his purse, and when his purse was empty, when his hunger was without a crust, his head without a roof, his only pillow the pavement, in the Tartarus of earthly disappointment and defeat, he lifted up his eyes and beheld afar off the home bosom. That sorcery of appearance, in the vain pursuit of which the force of his youth had been wasted, stood revealed now, as the shell without the meat; and there in vision before him rose his far-off home, to which his heart was as the snail torn from its shell. If sweet is health to the sick, sight to the blind, liberty to the captive, rest to the heavy-laden, what should be the hunger and thirst after home by the

homeless? In the irreverence of the time, whatever other faith hath famished, the temple of the hearth is sacred. As St. Columba says in his farewell to Arran, so we may say of home, "Paradise is with thee; the garden of God within sound of thy bells." In the sinking fate of the man, this, too, came to him, like the memory of spring in winter, of the ripple of waters in the desert of his life, the bells of a paradise lost. This is the forlorn pathos of that which makes him famous. It is like bright light on deep shadow. The sweet rose of life had faded from him: only its thorn was pressed against his breast. A wandering bird cast out of the nest startles the midnight with the song of his earliest morning,—a flood of sweetness, all the more exquisite that it is poured from the throat of sadness, beauty from ashes, the bird-song of home from the mouth of the homeless. It is the sorrow in the throat which makes the song so sweet. This song, born of suffering and sadness, like all immortal things, made perfect by suffering, is to-day his song of triumph.

In 1832, after an absence of twenty years, Payne came back to his native land. Why he should have

remained away so long, when so warm a welcome awaited him, is a mystery. Complimentary benefits were given him in Boston, New Orleans, and New York, public dinners and receptions, for which he returned his acknowledgments in the graceful terms which never failed him. But the projects which thenceforth engaged his attention were the desperate after-game of life,—international reviews, sacred history, the Cherokees, and what not,—projects of a fertile rather than a practical brain,—the double-flowering tree, fruitful of promise, void of fruit.

Finally came the consulship to Tunis in 1842, recalled in 1845, renewed in 1851. There amid the dusky aspects and the fallen columns of that ancient land, hard by the spot where Caius Marius was seen sitting on the ruins of Carthage, Payne laid him down, there, in the shadow of the broken and dejected column of his own life,—laid down to die. In Tunis, on the 9th of April, 1852, in the sixty-second year of his life, he passed away. Two Sisters of Charity and his Moorish domestics were with him when he died. A priest of the Greek Church said prayers over his grave. The breath was hardly out

of his body, when his furniture, library, works of art, and sword of office, were seized, and sold at auction for his debts. His personal apparel even disappeared in the general wreck. Sad exit of one whose entrance had been so blithe! And yet, as his life sank behind a cloud, his face was turned toward the morning. As the breath of life left his body, his life in the breath of others began. As his earthly abode became the spoil of his creditors, every home in Christendom became his spoil. The light of his life went down like that Norway sun which sets into sunrise. The world is the debtor to-day of him whose whole substance the world sold in execution. Every home is the sweeter for him, as it is also admonished by him. He might be termed the apostle of home. In some sense, we might say, without irreverence I trust, "the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Therefore it is that the grave cannot confine him in the land of the stranger, nor the ocean divide him from his own. The ship of a mighty people has spread its sail, and brought him up from the underworld and over the deep water, to rest at last under

the oaks and beneath the violet of his country. The magistrates and the masses of his country are here to-day equally his mourners,—the music and the verse, the chivalry and beauty of his own land, and the ambassadors of all others. The beloved head of a holy church is bowed and bared for him. Here in the consecrated stillness of the wood, and by the murmur of the stream, which in life he haunted with his love, his restless ghost will fold its wing. A charm from the sky will seem to hallow him here. As I see awaiting him the sepulchre prepared by one, the venerable snow of whose winter has dropped no flake upon his open hand, it is to me as though the figure of that charity which never faileth were bowed in benediction over this grave. It is as though we were witnessing the ineffable voyage of Payne's soul from the earth, which was his tavern, to the heaven which is his home; as though this, the translation of his mortal part, from the land of old bondage to the land of new promise, from the dark continent to the bright one, were the likeness of his far greater resurrection, not from hemisphere to hemisphere, but from death to immortality.

THE INTERMENT CEREMONIES.

When Mr. Robinson had resumed his seat, the Right Reverend Bishop Pinkney, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Leonard, descended the steps to the ground to hold the ceremonies attending the interment. Bishop Pinkney took his stand close to the bier, and in a voice of deep feeling said:—

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to put it into the heart of His servant, in tender love for the memory of the honored dead, to remove the remains of John Howard Payne from a strange land, and lay them to rest in his own country and among his own kindred and friends, so that home, which he hath made so sweet by his undying song, may be consecrated afresh by the solemnities of this hour:

Let us offer up our prayer to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and beseech him to grant that this pious work of ours may be made acceptable to him. Let us pray that through divine grace we may make a religious improvement of this event, so that

after this transitory life shall be ended, we may be gathered unto our fathers, and rest with the spirits of just men made perfect, and finally attain to the resurrection of life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O God, who hast taught us in thy holy word, to render honor to whom honor is due, we implore thy blessing on the celebration of this hour. As it hath pleased thee to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore recommit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection of the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in thee shall be changed and made like unto thy glorious body, according to thy mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

O Lord God, grant that this tribute of a feeling heart may redound to thy glory and the good of mankind, and that every home in this land may be made the abode of contentment and peace; so that,

after we depart this life, we may rest in thee, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable religious and lively hope, in favor with thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world: all of which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

During Bishop Pinkney's prayer, Mr. Corcoran, attended by Dr. Welling, stood near by with uncovered head. Upon the conclusion of the prayer, Bishop Pinkney and Dr. Leonard retired; and the coffin was raised, and taken to the opening by the monument. The pall-bearers took their positions, four on each side of the grave; and after a small bouquet of Maréchal Neil roses had been laid on the coffin-lid, it was lowered to its final rest. At the bottom of the opening were rollers upon which the coffin was conveyed into the niche under the monument prepared for it. The opening was covered again with the evergreens, the floral designs that had

rested on the coffin were placed over it, and John Howard Payne's body was interred.

The "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" was then excellently rendered by the Philharmonic Society, accompanied by the full Marine Band; Professor Widdows, by invitation of Mr. Bernays, acting as conductor. At the conclusion of the music, Bishop Pinkney offered the following benediction:—

The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.¹

The Marine Band then played "Safe in the arms of Jesus" as a finale, and the audience dispersed.

¹ Precisely one month from this date, the remains of this beloved and venerated bishop were borne to their last resting-place in Oak-hill Cemetery.

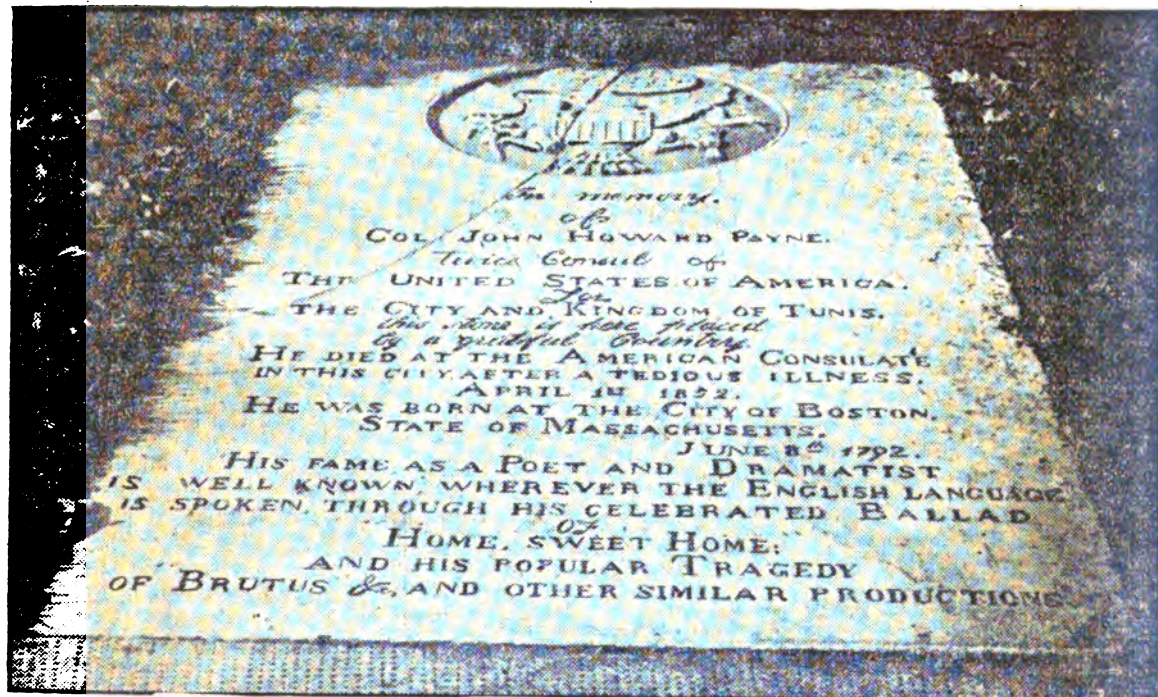
The services, which began at five p.m., were concluded at seven. The rays of the setting sun illuminated the white monuments in the grounds; the air was redolent with the perfume of the roses, which were full of bloom; a gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the old oak-trees beneath whose shade Payne had rested when the spot was known as Parrott's Woods. The verdure of the lawn, and the sparkling waters of the fountain near by, gave a sense of beauty which the poet's eye would have recognized and rejoiced in; and the gentle murmur of the waters of Rock Creek, which lie at the foot of the high terrace of the cemetery, filled the measure of loveliness of a perfect evening and scene in June. A slight shower at one time threatened to break up the ceremonies; but it was of short duration, and the sky cleared, and the sun caused the drops of water on the flowers to sparkle as gems which were offered to enhance the poetry of the scene.

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Born in BOSTON.

Boston Globe Sunday - Dec 23-1906.

John Howard Payne, Author of "Home Sweet Home" Died in Tunis, and State Department Caused a Marble Slab Placed on His Grave Which States Place of Birth—Payne's Own Handwriting on Record in Washington A States Fact of Boston Birth—Through Liberality of W. W. Corcoran Remains of Mr Payne Now Rest in This Country.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S HEADSTONE.

A press dispatch sent out from New York stating that "while the bones of John Howard Payne lie moldering in an obscure grave in far-off Algeria, 'Home, Sweet Home,' the little thatched cottage which only his early childhood knew, at East Hampton, L. I., has been purchased and is to be demolished in order to make room for a new edifice for St. Luke's church," causes an official of the state department to say:

"This department has received a large number of written and verbal inquiries about the birthplace of John Howard Payne, whether it was New York or Boston.

"I do not think there can be a reasonable doubt but that Mr Payne was born in Boston, and I base this upon the fact that in the archives of this department we have the fact in Mr Payne's own handwriting.

"Conforming to the requirements made in every appointment, when he was named as minister to Tunis in 1841, he wrote out briefly his history—father's and mother's and his own name, place of nativity, age, etc.

"In this Mr Payne stated that he was

Payne was born at Boston, Mass., June 8, 1792; died in Tunis April 1, 1852. His fame as a poet and dramatist is well known wherever the English language is spoken, through his celebrated ballad of "Home, Sweet Home," and his popular tragedy of "Brutus" and other similar productions.

"It was not necessary for the state department to institute a search to ascertain the facts for the wording for the slab. They were right here on file.

"When Mr Payne's remains were brought to Washington the slab was brought, too, but it was broken in shipment, but not so badly as to injure it altogether. The marble slab was placed near the monument to Mr Payne in Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown."

It was through the liberality of the late W. W. Corcoran of Washington that the remains of Mr Payne were brought from Africa in November, 1882. Mr Corcoran wrote Sec of State Frelinghuysen on Oct 14, 1882, asking permission of the state department to disinter the remains of "our countryman" John Howard Payne.

He received the following reply from the state department:

gave to him his best poetical inspiration.

"If you concur with me in this sentiment I beg leave to say that I will when favored with your official permission, charge myself with the duty of providing for the removal of his remains to this country, and, on their arrival here, will give to them a new and suitable resting place in Oak Hill cemetery, taking care, of course, to mark the spot with a monument which shall perpetuate in the eyes of his countrymen the name of the poet already embalmed in their hearts by his immortal lyric."

Sec Frelinghuysen gladly accepted Mr Corcoran's offer and at once made the necessary arrangements to have the remains disinterred. They were shipped in a case covering three coffins, two being of wood and one of lead, the innermost containing the remains of the poet and dramatist. When the remains reached Washington they were given appropriate burial and Mr Corcoran caused to be erected a costly monument over them. He also provided for the care of the grave and lot for a time.

THE REMAINS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, BORN IN BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 8, 1792, DIED IN TUNIS, APRIL 1, 1852, WERE REINTERRED IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, GEORGETOWN, D. C., NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

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